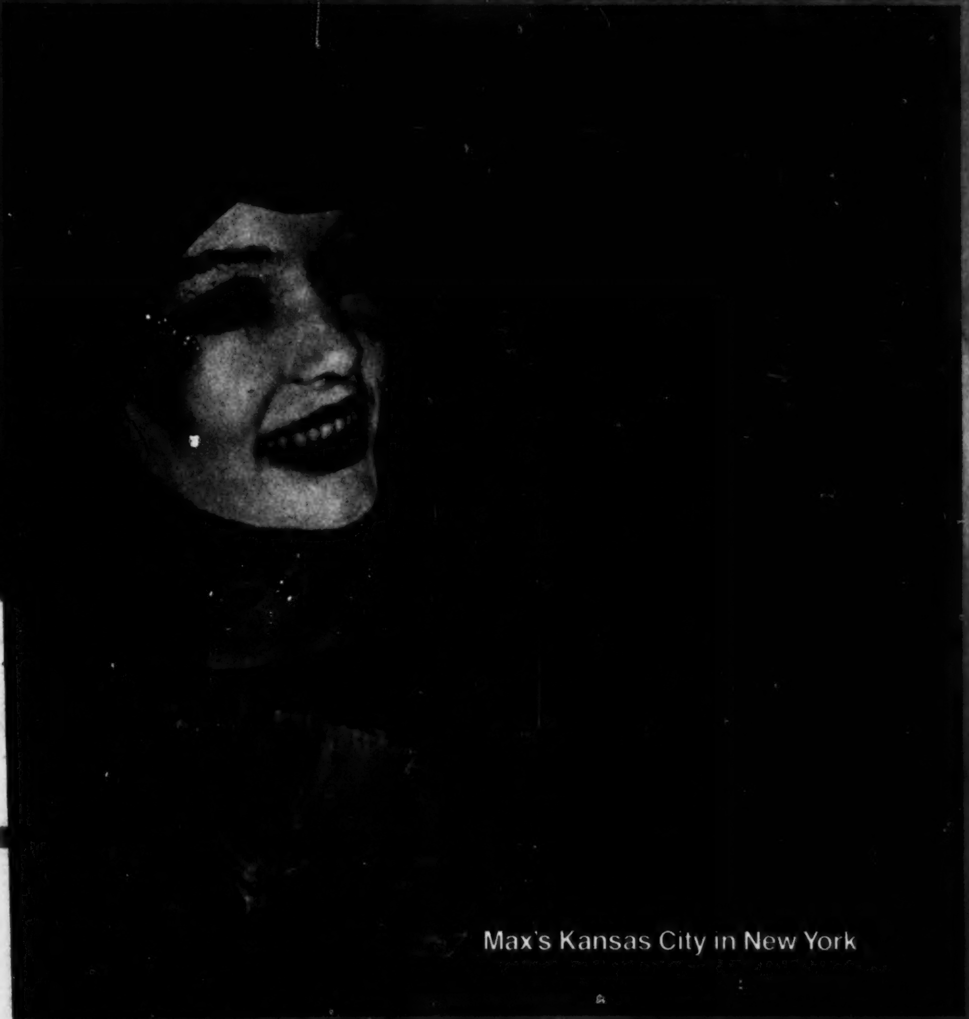
60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

"Erase": the 18½ minute gap game
Bloody Harlan strikes again
Birth without tears – an unorthodox technique

Adventures in a bisexual wonderland



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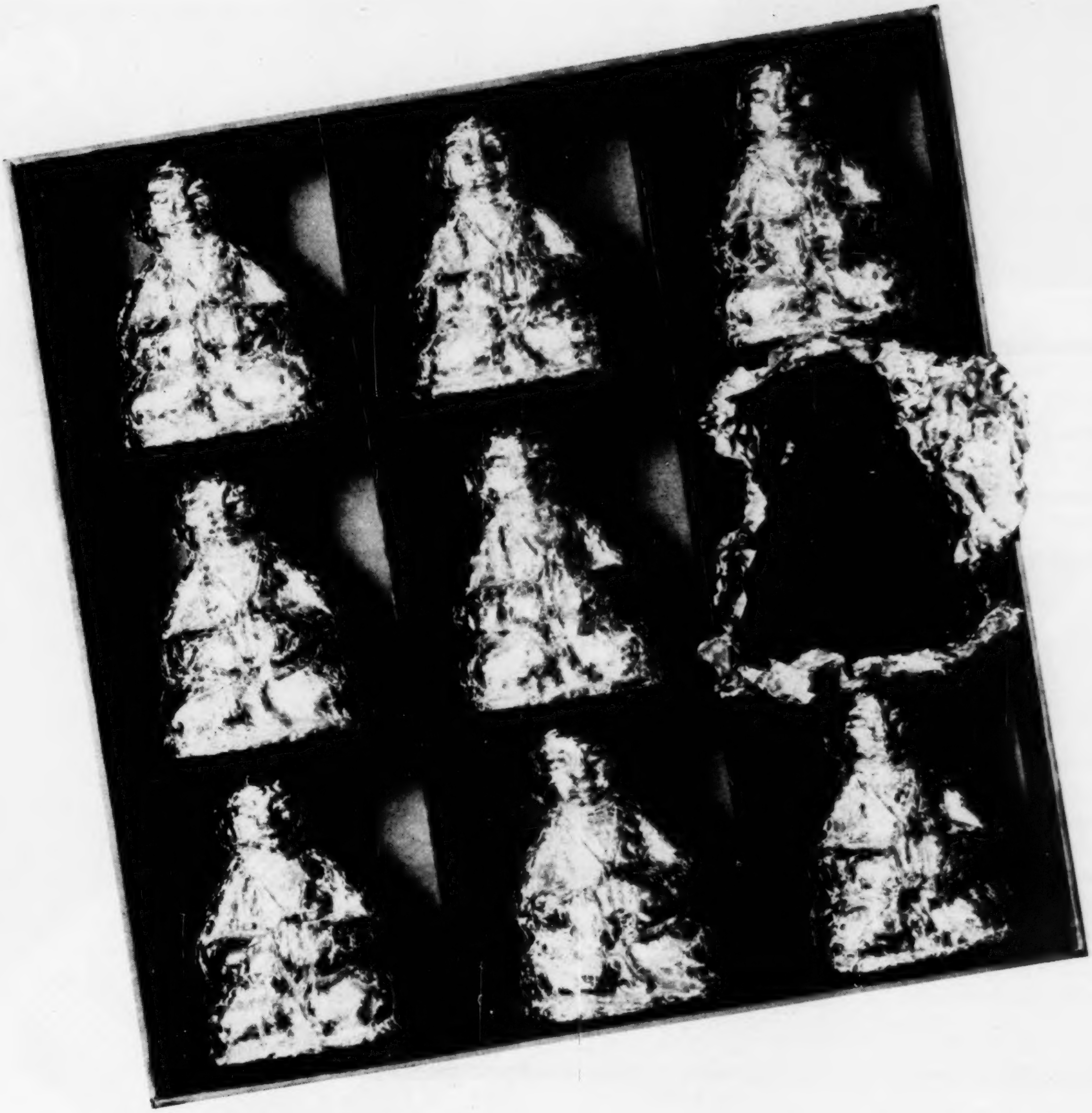
The Madras.
(How to do what we couldn't.)

People who mean well are always advising us to mix Smirnoff with something it ought to mix with but doesn't. We've got a whole list of promising possibilities that always turn out yukky.

Cranberry juice used to be in the number one spot. Then an interested bystander combined it with orange juice and Smirnoff and invented a good drink called the Madras. We hope it was just beginner's luck. Because we'd hate to be shown up twice.

To make a Madras, pour 1½ ozs. Smirnoff, 3 ozs. of cranberry juice and 1½ ozs. of orange juice into a glass of ice and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless*



THE NEW CAT STEVENS ALBUM IS "BUDDHA AND THE CHOCOLATE BOX" ON A&M RECORDS

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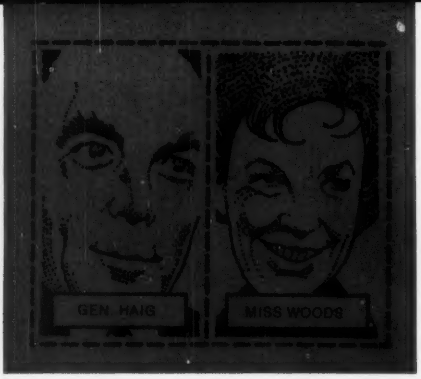

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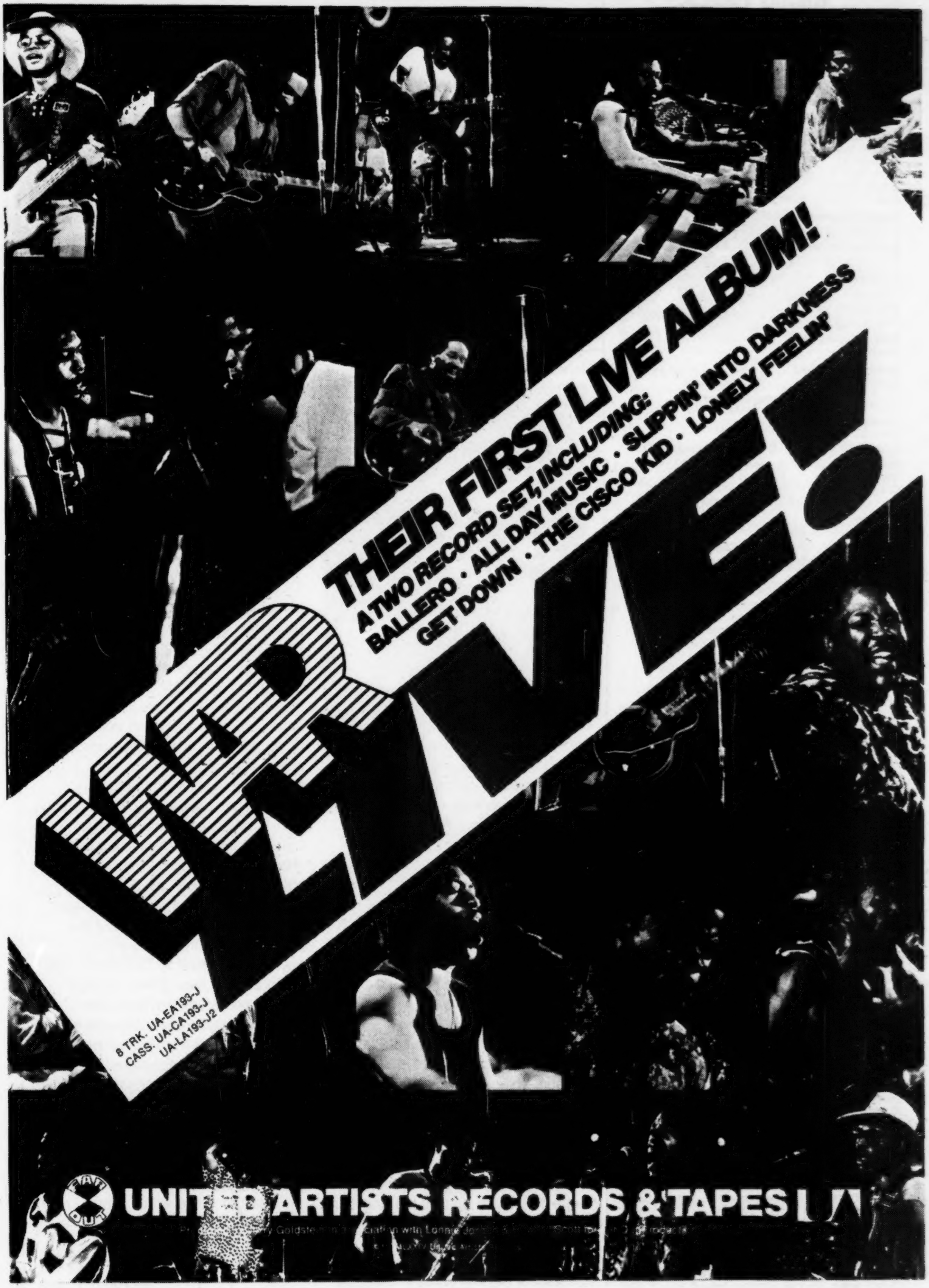
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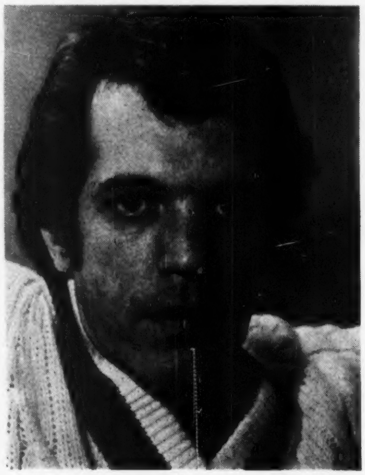
BEHIND THE SCENES

Johnny Greene



Participatory journalism is nothing new for Johnny Greene, the author of "Decadence by invitation only." A native of Demopolis, Alabama, Johnny spent several years in the mid-'60s working full-time in the civil-rights movement, and wrote about his experiences for publications throughout the South. One of his pieces, an award-winning account of a demonstration in Butler, Alabama, so infuriated some of its readers that Johnny was forced to flee the state, vigilantes hot on his trail.

Johnny describes his childhood in rural Alabama—his father is a farmer, the population of Demopolis is 7,000—as "something out of Camus' *The Stranger*. Because I had black friends, most whites wanted nothing to do with me. Very often I felt completely isolated."

He began his civil-rights work in earnest between stints at the University of Alabama, and he was eventually enlisted by the Alabama Freedom Democratic party to challenge the nominee of George Wallace's regular organization for a seat at the 1972 Democratic Convention. Johnny was out-of-state during the entire campaign—which didn't do much for the credibility of his candidacy—but he watched with interest as he rolled up 15 percent of the vote. "I have an aunt and an uncle in Dayton, Alabama," he notes with a smile, "and I got one vote there."

Since arriving in New York, where he attends the Columbia School of Journalism, Johnny has continued to irk some with his frequently irreverent reporting. One of his subjects who was reportedly stung to the quick by a Greene piece was Wallace, whose continuing agony Johnny described in a recent NEW TIMES side trip. "It was pathetic," says Johnny of Wallace's physical state. "It was like seeing my oldest enemy unable to hit back."

Johnny has written for this magazine on a variety of other subjects, from combative presidential aide Patrick Buchanan ("We had a regular shooting match in his White House office") to Antioch Law School's innovative program of students living with poverty-level families. But the bisexual assignment was unlike anything he'd ever written before. His exploration of New York's bisexual underground took him to a dozen locales during a frenetic ten-day stretch and he emerged from it all with some unconventional conclusions. "People call the bisexual scene decadent," he says, "but it's really vital. Decadence to me is inactivity. This is explosive. It's dynamite. I got totally involved. In the bisexual world there is nothing at all left to the imagination."

George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Nobile: a question of emphasis and accent

As the editor of Philip Nobile's book *Intellectual Skywriting*, I read his article about its editorial travail ("The New York literati: a gothic tale," April 5 issue) with uncommon interest. Mr. Nobile suggests that Charterhouse Books' attorney, Mrs. Nancy Wechsler, was hyper-cautious in her legal review of the manuscript and thus urged the deletion of a good deal of lively material that would have enhanced the book had it not been judged potentially litigious; he says that I had to step in and rescue the manuscript from such alleged dismemberment. In fact, I worked closely with Mrs. Wechsler and Mr. Nobile during a reviewing process that I believed both prudent and constructive. Few authors enjoy seeing their prose reduced for any reason, but in my judgment nothing vital to the substance of Mr. Nobile's stimulating book was lost in the process of legal scrutiny.

Richard Kluger
Ridgefield, Connecticut

I don't know anything about *The New York Review of Books*, or any of the people mentioned in Philip Nobile's article in the April 5 issue of NEW TIMES, but I do know a little French—and can tell you with assurance that the two accents on "réchérche" in the reference to Proust's work (p. 51, col. 1, line 12) are both utterly unjustified. If they are indicative of Mr. Nobile's research, they speak better for his sense of flair than for his accuracy.

Peter Geer
New York, New York

Fabulous!

Beautiful! The whole April 5 issue is fabulous. And as a college student I particularly enjoyed the analysis by James Kunen on streaking. The Hearst article was good, and Mitchell-Stans, . . . everything!

I say this is the best issue you've put out thus far. I'm enjoying your magazine immensely!

Keep up the fabulous work!

Jeanie Torczon
Columbus, Maine

A Matter of Moths

In regard to Robert Sherrill's article, "Congress Solves The Yawn Crisis" (March 22), Mr. Sherrill is no doubt right in stating that Congress wastes a lot of time. But his choice of example was not good. Granted, a speech on George Washington is not too pertinent, but Senator James McClure's speech on the Tussock moth was.

To Mr. Sherrill and many others, the word moth probably conjures up a vision of something that gets in your closet and eats your favorite sweater, hardly a Congressional concern, but this is not the Tussock moth.

Living and working in the forest industry area, I am very much aware of the moth, and forget that others do not share my concern. But the damage the moth does should be of concern to the whole country, because it affects the whole country.

Rosemaree Greenman
Roseburg, Oregon

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are sure Sherrill did not mean to belittle the damage that can be caused by the Tussock moth; he is more concerned, however, with the damage caused by a Congress in mothballs.

Glorified vermin

As a new subscriber I was very unhappy to read the article in which you poked fun at an FBI agent who arrested a draft dodger at his father's funeral (March 22).

If it is going to be your editorial policy to glorify these vermin who deserted their country during a time of need please tell me so. I, of course, will wish to cancel my subscription if this is the case.

The FBI agent should be praised for doing his job, not ridiculed. Rule by law is what enables you to have freedom to print your opinions. The cowards who deserted or evaded the draft were not law-abiding.

George L. Leatherman, Jr.
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

THE WORD

Mr. Inoperative's operative

If an election were held today, **Diane Sawyer** would be voted the Nixon girl you'd most like to spend an 18½-minute gap with. Ms. Sawyer, recently honored as one of Washington's ten sexiest women by NBC Capitol correspondent Doug Kiker, hides herself under **Ron Ziegler**'s bushel in the White House press office. Her title is assistant to the press secretary. Her duty is to protect Ziegler and help him handle the press load. She gets high marks, especially for the former.

"Diane is warm, bright and very efficient," says a reporter from a national news magazine. "Her relations with the press corps are good, but ambivalent. A number of us feel she's a front man for Ron. Reporters tend to like her more than they trust her."

Sawyers' Janus-faced style took one network correspondent by surprise. "Right after a particular conversation with Diane, which I considered private, I got a call from Ziegler complaining, What did I mean about such and such—the subject Diane and I had just discussed. Ron's not smart enough to use that information subtly."

Sawyer subsequently approached the same fellow on another matter. "This is a personal call," she said. "There are no personal calls from you," he replied angrily. "You're a spy for Ronald Ziegler."

Sawyer-Ziegler: free access

Sawyer, a former Miss Teenage America and TV weather girl in Louisville, dated Bill Bradley during her Wellesley College days. At this point, her heart belongs to a high Administration un-throb and hardly one of Washington's ten sexiest males. Although their romance is most discreet, they were seen dancing cheek-to-cheek in an out-of-the-way Warsaw nightclub. Third-rate White House enemies of the official tried to leak details of the dangerous liaison without success.

For a country that "can't stand pat," Diane Sawyer is needed now more than ever.

Anthony Quinn, who preempted the current streaking fad ten years ago when he ran bare-assed into the sea as the exuberant Zorba the Greek, is discovering life back in the United States a good deal less warm-hearted. Washington Judge Cynthia Hall has ruled that Quinn owes the Internal Revenue Service taxes on $23,144 that he deducted as out-of-pocket expenses during a visit he made to the Cretan village of Xania while researching *Zorba the Greek*.

Dick Cavett, of whom ABC has been making short work lately, has been asked to star as a gentleman jockey in *The Favorite*, a film about the thoroughbred world of international horse racing. Claudia Cole, producer of the film, got the idea of using Cavett, who rides English, when she heard him say on *The David Susskind Show* that, had he another life to live, he would like to be an athlete. Ms. Cole, a documentary filmmaker whose work includes a film on El Cordobes, the bullfighter, said, "The jockey is the new hero, a person living swiftly, combining physical grace and intelligence. Cavett is perfect for it."

Cavett reportedly is considering this jump in his career.

Cavett: a gentleman and a jockey?

Ronald McDonald: finger-lickin' good

The burghers of McDonald's are test-marketing fried chicken in 41 units in Ohio and Virginia and one in Washington, D.C. Ronald McDonald's version of Colonel Sanders' special is described as crispier than the Colonel's original recipe but not crispier than the Colonel's crispy chicken. McDonald's will make a decision on going nationwide with the new product within the next few months.

The Gay Liberation Follies, a comedy special promising to mince fewer words than steps, will be aired April 21 on KSAN-FM in San Francisco. Written and directed by Len Richmond, coauthor of the Ramparts Press *Gay Liberation Book,* the *Follies* features a soap opera entitled *Gays of Our Lives, Frankenstein Meets Gay Liberation* (a satire on aversion therapy for homosexuals) and a rendering of *Love Is a Many-Gendered Thing* by **Naomi Ruth Eisenberg** (formerly of Dan Hicks & The Hot Licks). **Lili Tomlin**, who was performing in San Francisco when the special was being taped, did some improvisational bits for it—playing a club woman whose organization invites a lesbian to lunch and Edith Ann, who wonders why there is no daddy in the house next door. The show is a joint production of KSAN and Pacifica station KPFA-FM in San Francisco.

"In the past gay humor has been self-effacing," Richmond said. "Here, the humor is based on a group of actors, gay and straight, satirizing society's attitudes toward gay people. There's no lisp to this program."

"Rocky": a Butte of a show

There's definitely a lisp to this program: *The Rocky Horror Show,* a slapdash concoction of raunchy drag humor, grade-B horror flicks and '50's rock 'n roll which recently opened in Los Angeles. The show has been a smash in London, and rock entrepreneur **Lou Adler** acquired American rights to *Rocky* and transplanted its ambiance of ambivalence to Sunset Strip, where it misfit right in. The plot is pure Sci-Fi-Bi: Dr. Frank-N-Furter, a refugee from the planet Transsexual, quests to create The Perfect Male, a cute little playmate. If Lou Adler has his way, the show will clone like crazy: original cast album, off-Broadway production, touring companies, a movie. . . . The word from L.A., even among those who hated the production, is that *Rocky* could be as big as *Hair.*

Among the well (platform)-heeled crowd at an after-the-opening party at the Rainbow Bar & Grill were: Mick and Bianca Jagger; John Lennon and his date; David Geffen, one of Adler's partners in *Rocky,* and his steady, Cher Bono; Sally Kellerman, who is currently planning an album with Adler; Leonard Nimoy; Michelle Phillips, one of Adler's first artists and Peter Boyle, who will play the monster in Mel Brooks' *Young Dr. Frankenstein.* "I'd like to do it in Montana," Lennon was telling people who asked his opinion of the show.

"Oh, unborn child, if you only knew/Just what your momma is plannin' to do," sing **Seals & Crofts** on the title cut from their latest album, *Unborn Child.* "Anti-abortion propaganda," said members of the New York chapter of the National Organization of Women, which has written local stations stating that the song comes under the FCC's Fairness Doctrine as a partisan position on "a controversial issue of public importance." Demanding equal time, the chapter has asked the stations to read a NOW-prepared statement in favor of abortion whenever they play the song.

Originally a poem by Lana Bogan, the daughter of Seals & Crofts' manager, "Unborn Child" was set to music by James Seals. Seals said, "I was shocked that anyone would think the song is controversial when you've got "Me and Mrs. Jones" all over the airwaves talking about adultery. The song is a personal statement reflecting the Baha'i belief that a person becomes an individual at conception. It says to people, 'Think about what you're doing.' "

The album is a gold record, and Seals & Crofts have sung "Unborn Child" on several talk shows and are singing it on their current national tour. Seals believes that the single, which was low on the charts, could've been a hit had it received air play at stations across the country at the same time.

Tim Powell, program director at WPLJ in New York City, said, "We had taken the record off a week before we got the NOW letter. The song had not shown popular support on sales' charts. Morally, none of us were behind the song, but we did carry it. Some broadcasters may have steered clear of it—it's impossible to know."

The ubiquitous **George Plimpton**—who has boxed, conducted, golfed, blocked that kick and flown through the air, all with the greatest of ease and not without remuneration—has lately been flat on his back. Plimpton, one of the nation's most famous learners, has mastered the art of selling and installing automobile-exhaust systems and shock absorbers in two industrial films. Emerging from under the car like little Ruby Keeler from the chorus line, Plimpton so impressed a Chicago ad man that he has been signed to do more of the same. Plimpton is currently talking to Harry Winston, the New York jewelry firm, about doing an in-house gem for them.

Bette Midler's long-awaited motion-picture debut suddenly appeared to be taking place prematurely.

Peter Alexander, a young Detroit filmmaker, recently announced that Bette had completed a starring role in his religious satire, *The Divine Mr. J.*

It came as a surprise to Hollywood insiders who *knew* that Bette had met for inconclusive lunches with Mike Nichols to discuss a project teaming Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, and who *half expected* Ross Hunter to announce that he had signed Miss M to appear in his original musical, *Hollywood, Hollywood.*

But most of all, it came as a surprise to Bette.

Aaron Russo, her manager, was quick to say that talk of the upcoming debut had been greatly exaggerated, Alexander's film being "a home movie" that Bette appeared in for $250 before her precipitous rise to fame.

Bette: reluctant debutante

Russell Long: Nixon's best friend;
tip sheet on upcoming primaries;
toking up in Ann Arbor;

THE INSIDER

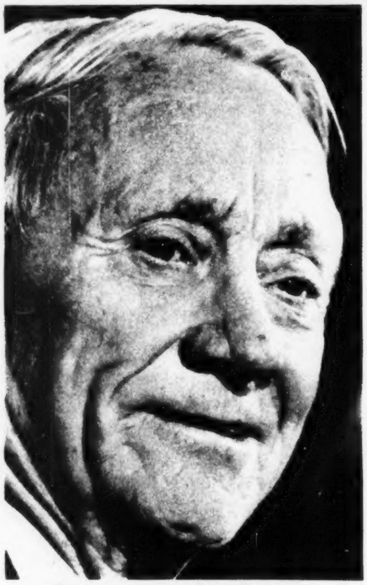
POWER POLITICS

Chief Justice Douglas?

When and if the impeachment trial of Richard Nixon begins, the Constitution requires that the event be presided over by the Chief Justice of the United States—in this case, Nixon-appointee Warren Burger. But with Burger gone from his duties at the Supreme Court, the acting chief would be none other than William O. Douglas, the court's senior and most liberal justice.

Actually, since the trial would probably begin in the summer when the justices are on vacation, Douglas would not have much to do. But if the trial ran into October, Douglas could do a lot. In all probability, with only eight members of the court able to hear cases, the most controversial subjects would be put off until the court had its full membership again. But even before the court's official opening in October, if any sticky legal questions arose at the conspiracy trial of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Colson, et al.—now scheduled to begin in September—it is possible that an eight-man court headed by Douglas would be deciding those issues.

Sen. Russell Long: already paid for


Douglas: to replace Burger

Every time Wilbur Mills starts to lay into Nixon about his tax returns, you may have noticed that Sen. Russell Long, the Democratic chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, jumps up to defend the President. One reason for this strange behavior is that if it weren't for the Nixon Justice Department, Russell Long might very well have been in jail today, or at the very least, a disgraced man.

Back in 1970 a federal grand jury in Baltimore was looking into improprieties involved in the construction of the House of Representative's parking garage, and Long was among those under investigation. The prosecutors had strong but uncorroborative evidence against Long from the former administrative assistant to Sen. Daniel Brewster. The tough, young U.S. attorney, Stephen Sachs, thought he had enough to indict Long. But his bosses at the Justice Department said no.

A few months later Sachs and his grand jury decided instead to indict the contractor in the case. The indictment would contain facts that would be highly embarrassing to Long, facts that raised questions of a bribe. Although Long would not actually be indicted himself, his name would be mentioned frequently in the indictment. Sachs met with Attorney General John Mitchell to lay out the case. A few days later the word came down that the contractor could not be indicted.

The grand jury rebelled and went to the extraordinary length of giving the judge a "presentment," which was the sealed indictment the grand jury would have brought if allowed to. Sachs stood up and said he, too, wanted to sign the indictment. And then he resigned.

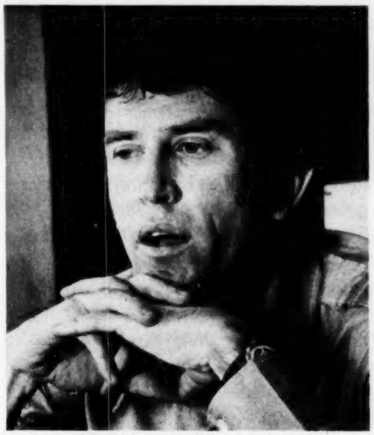
Russell Long, then, owes Richard Nixon and John Mitchell his political life, if not his freedom. And whether it's on taxes or impeachment, as one Senate source put it, "Russell Long is one vote Nixon has already bought and paid for."**— Nina Totenberg**

Watergate tip sheet: primaries to watch

The year of Watergate fallout is upon us. For the first time in a long while, off-year elections are going to arouse some interest, maybe even some excitement. Here are the upcoming primaries that are catching the notice of political professionals:

Arkansas: The featured race here is the Democratic primary for the

Long: loyal friend


Hart: jumped the gate

Senate. William Fulbright is a proven winner, but so is his challenger, Gov. Dale Bumpers. Most of the big money being laid down on this race is on Bumpers, who benefits from Fulbright running a little too often on the Arab track. Odds-makers see Bumpers as the slight favorite. (May 28)

California: A large field is on hand in the gubernatorial primaries after Gov. Ronald Reagan scratched himself off the list. On the Republican side Lt. Gov. Ed Reinecke is still the favorite, but he is suffering from severe burns inflicted by his involvement in the ITT/San Diego affair. Coming on is liberal State Comptroller Houston Flourney. The Democratic favorite is Jerry Brown, Secretary of State and former Gov. Pat Brown's son. The main threat to Brown is San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto, a fast-finisher on a muddy track. State Assembly speaker Bob Moretty is, at best, a long shot, while no one knows why liberal Congressman Jerome Waldie entered the field. (June 4)

Bumpers: slight edge

Colorado: Another mob scene on the Democratic side as eight potential candidates seek the opportunity to take on vulnerable incumbent GOP Senator Peter Dominick. Gary Hart, McGovern campaign manager, and Joseph Dolan, a former chief aide to Robert Kennedy, were first out of the gate, and in the early going it looked like just a two-horse race. Neither liberal has ever run for the money, however, and the choice of the more traditional party elements, Denver attorney Martin Miller, is coming on strong. (July 20, state convention)

Ohio: The big race is a rematch between Cleveland industrialist Howard Metzenbaum and former astronaut John Glenn for the Democratic Senate nomination. Metzenbaum had an early lead, but the smart bettors are now starting to lay heavy money on Glenn. (May 7)

New York: A big Democratic field has rallied to challenge incumbent GOP Gov. Malcolm Wilson, protégé of Nelson Rockefeller. Howard Samuels, the big name in New York's offtrack betting, is off to a very fast start and could be an easy winner. Congressman Ogden Reid has big money riding on him but suffers from the handicap of being new to the Democratic stable. The long shot could be Congressman Hugh Carey, a stylish campaigner in past races. (June 18, unless moved to September)

Samuels: very fast start

North Carolina: The main contest is to decide on a successor to Sen. Sam Ervin, who is retiring. The current favorite for the Democratic nomination is State Attorney General Robert Morgan, noted for his consumer work but disliked by blacks and the state's liberals. Their choice is former Congressman Nick Galifianokis, the 1972 Democratic nominee for the Senate. (May 7)

Pennsylvania: Two good mavericks have entered the Democratic primary to face GOP Sen. Richard Schweiker. Either could pull an upset in November. The top choice is probably Pittsburgh Mayor Peter Flaherty, a well-regarded populist who is favored by Democratic Gov. Milton Shapp. Right on Flaherty's heels is State Insurance Commissioner Herbert Denenberg, a heavy in the consumer field who could benefit by being the first candidate ever endorsed by Ralph Nader. (May 21)

Texas: Democratic incumbent Dolph Briscoe, a governor of little distinction for the past two years, is the favorite in this race. He is being challenged, however, by Frances "Sissy" Farenthold, an extremely liberal former state senator who forced Briscoe into a 1972 runoff. She has had problems getting started but could close fast. (May 4).

—Charlie McCollum

The $5 dope law passes again

The 40,000 students on the traditionally activist University of Michigan campus are the prime reason why Ann Arbor has often been referred to as the "dope capital of the Midwest." And a week ago, on the day of the city elections, over a thousand people gathered on the central campus for the third annual "hash bash." But the big news came later that day. Student voters provided the narrow margin restoring a provision that makes possession or sale of marijuana about as serious as getting a parking ticket—punishable by a $5 fine.

The $5 dope law was first passed two years ago when the radical Human Rights party won two upset seats on the city council and formed a coalition with liberal Democrats. A short time later, however, the law was thrown out as unconstitutional by a conservative local judge, and in the fall a new city council dominated by Republicans made an appeal obsolete by officially voting the law out.

Two days before the current election, the Republican mayor sent out a scare letter urging a no-vote on the proposal: "If this [marijuana] referendum passes, every drug dealer in Michigan will come to Ann Arbor . . . and ultimately people will be killed as a consequence."

Students were obviously unimpressed. And for now, at least, they can head unfearfully back to the streets to toke up and welcome in the spring.**—Tony Schwartz**

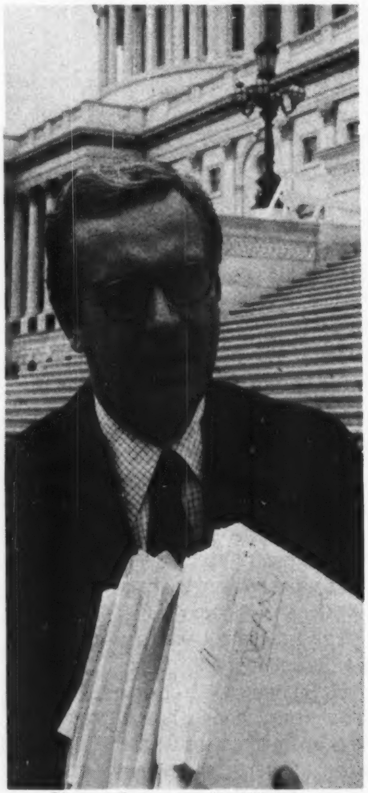
MEDIA

By John Leo

Chancellor catches up to Cronkite

The Nielson ratings book for February 25–March 10 shows that the NBC Nightly News with John Chancellor outscored CBS and the Cronkite show. This is only the second time this has happened, to our knowledge, since the rot set in at NBC some six years ago in the twilight of Huntley-Brinkley. CBS thinks it's a temporary aberration. NBC has weaker lead-in local news shows and fewer stars among those it casts as reporters. But others are speculating that the ratings change reflects some sort of Watergate backlash against hard-hitting CBS reporters, particularly Dan Rather.

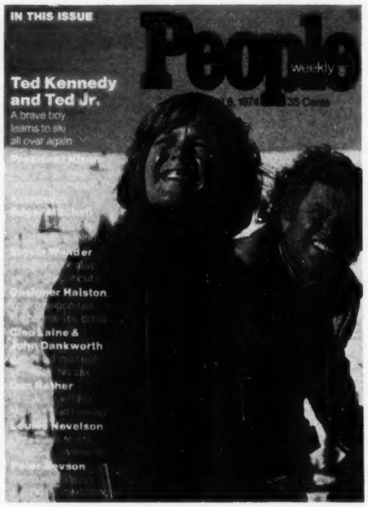
One sign of the times: Dan Rather is becoming the Richard Burton of the '70s, pointed out as a maxi-celebrity at basketball games, lionized in *Esquire* and *New York Magazine*. We're glad he's around, but it's an awful lot of celebrity for a man whose chief function seems to be thinking up and polishing questions that will make Nixon stammer.



Chancellor: worrying Walter

Time learns to live with *People*

Discontent within Time Inc. over the new magazine *People* seems to be fading, and for the usual reason—the magazine is selling. One faction has argued for months that the new entry would be all fluff, no substance and an all-around embarrassment for the company. Now that the first four issues have each sold over a million copies, one *Time* editor says, "Doubts about its second-rateness have evaporated." Otto Fuerbringer, Time Inc.'s magazine development editor, is philosophical: "There was discontent about *Sports Illustrated* 20 years ago, too."



It will be months before advertisers make the decision on whether *People* lives or dies. Normally, advertisers check the names of subscribers to discover who's buying and why. But *People* is being pushed in the new manner—hard-sell TV for newsstand sales and discouraging subscriptions. This way the publisher can avoid mailing costs and the renewal syndrome, but it also means waiting longer for advertisers to check the audience. An advertising specialist we talked to, however, has no doubts: "*People* is a winner. It's not sophisticated enough for New York, but it will play in Peoria"—which is just a stone's throw from *People* editor Richard Stolley's hometown, Pekin.

A whole lot of shaking going on

We are in the midst of the first new wave (since last November) of hints about President Nixon's emotional stability, or lack thereof. Jack Anderson wrote of Nixon's fascination with the red telephone and his comments to visitors on how he could wipe out 70 million Russians with a single phone call. (Somehow, by the way, we doubt this. It seems logical to assume some precautions have been taken against a mad-bombing order by a beleaguered president). Also, a couple of writers have hinted that some of the tapes may show a bizarre and irrational Nixon kicking his staff around for no apparent reason. Jeb Magruder's forthcoming book charges that Nixon spends a good deal of time trembling and shaking. He pictures Nixon at a bill-signing, stubbornly trying to write his name with the cap still on the pen, fiddling furiously with the puzzling instrument, eventually stabbing himself in the hand and going to pieces before his visitors.

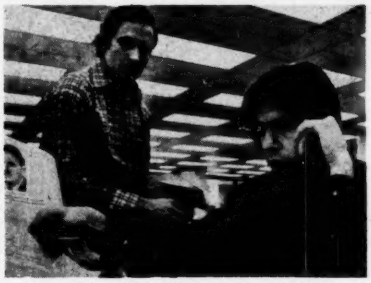
Last gasps from the White House

President Nixon has complained bitterly on several occasions about outrageous and distorted coverage of his Administration, but when pressed, both he and his underlings have been reduced to mumbles. Even Ken Clawson, chief press intimidator for Nixon these days, hasn't had much to say. Instead, we have begun to hear from one Bruce Herschensohn, described as a deputy special assistant to the President. He has been mumbling about the irrelevant missing quotation marks in Haldeman's paraphrase of Nixon's alleged statement that hush money would be wrong (a genuine William Safire discovery, discussed here two issues back), and certain derogatory press labels, such as "Operation Candor" and "The Saturday Night Massacre."

A good example of Herschensohn in action was a February 7th article he wrote for *Newsday*, arguing that CBS-TV's prejudice against Nixon showed itself when the signing of the Mideast accord was the fifth leading story on the January 18th Cronkite show. Sirica and Wilbur Mills made some big Watergate news that day, which helps explain why the signing of the document was played fairly low in the news. What Herschensohn doesn't get around to mentioning is that CBS devoted the first nine stories to the announcement of the accord on the previous night's news. Bruce Herschensohn, whoever you are, go to your room.

The cooling of Woodward and Bernstein

The talk of the Washington cocktail circuit is the rumored feud between Watergate star reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of the Washington *Post*. The two journalists have never been the closest of friends, but, in recent weeks, their relationship is said to have cooled to the freezing point. One *Post* insider says that the deterioration can be traced to some changes Bernstein made in their upcoming book, *All the President's Men*. Bernstein reportedly neglected to confer with Woodward before altering the text, which in turn led Woodward to a slow burn. Things have gotten so bad, say *Post* people, that, as one put it, "They only grunt at each other now."



Woodward and Bernstein: friction

Impeachment press seats are about as easy to get as Super Bowl tickets

President Nixon may still believe he will not be impeached by the House of Representatives, but the press corps on Capitol Hill has already started to make arrangements on how to allot the press seats for the trial. During the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, only 60 press seats were made available. Today, the number of seats has increased to only 100. The periodical gallery, for instance, has only ten seats, hardly a fraction of those needed to contend with the expected onslaught of American and foreign magazines which will want to cover the trial inside the Senate chamber. The press galleries have requested that the Senate's sergeant of arms set aside more seats.

So much for the press. The average citizen may be a lot more lucky. It now seems that the trial may well be televised, in which case the nation can watch its President defend himself from its collective barcar-lounger at tilt position, beer can in hand.

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

BUSINESS

A sheik investment

Not too long ago reports were coming in from hamlets all around the U.S., from Alaska to New York, that the Japanese were buying up everything in sight. Xenophobic citizens rifled off angry letters to their congressmen, and Senator Inouye of Hawaii started hearings on foreign investments in America. Since the Mideast war and the oil embargo, of course, the energy-starved Japanese have quickly dropped out of the picture, and now the Arabs have taken their place as the land-grabbers.

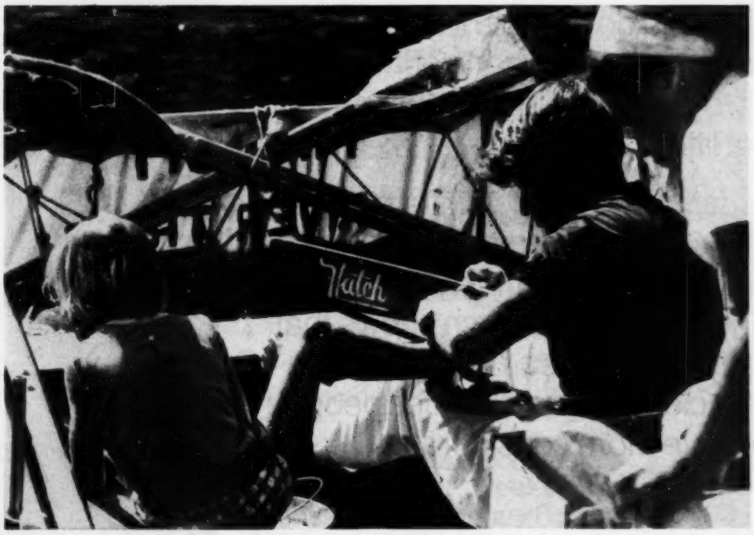
NEW TIMES correspondent Jon Buchan informs us that the Arab Sheikdom of Kuwait just bought a 3,500-acre island off the coast of South Carolina for development as a residential resort. The price tag: $17.5 million. There are seven miles of wild beaches and a handful of homes on the mostly wood- and marshland-covered island, Kiawah, including one owned by South Carolina Governor John West.

Heavy traffic on the River of No Return

Remember the Salmon River, gurgling, plunging, carving its way down from Idaho's towering Bitteroot Mountains in four-color Sierra Club splendor? The Salmon River that was reputed to be so ferocious it was dubbed "The River of No Return"? Well, it's still scenic, but it is no longer quite so wild. Ever since Bobby and Ethel Kennedy's highly publicized trip down the white water on rubber rafts, with Ethel's hatboxes lashed on board, the river's heady reputation has suffered something of a comedown.

Last year no less than 4,000 people not only set out on the Salmon, but returned safe and sound to tell their friends, show their slides and whet the appetite of hundreds of others. This year the crush on the river is going to be worse—so much so that the United States Forest Service has announced—yep, you guessed it—the River of No Return is booked solid from June 20 through August 7. 5,000 people are expected to make the trip.

Space may still be available for *next* summer if you get your requests in to the North Ranger Station in North Fork, Idaho. Best hurry, however, before the Army Corps of Engineers decides to turn it into a giant storm drain, or the power companies dam it up altogether.



Bobby Kennedy rafting on the Salmon

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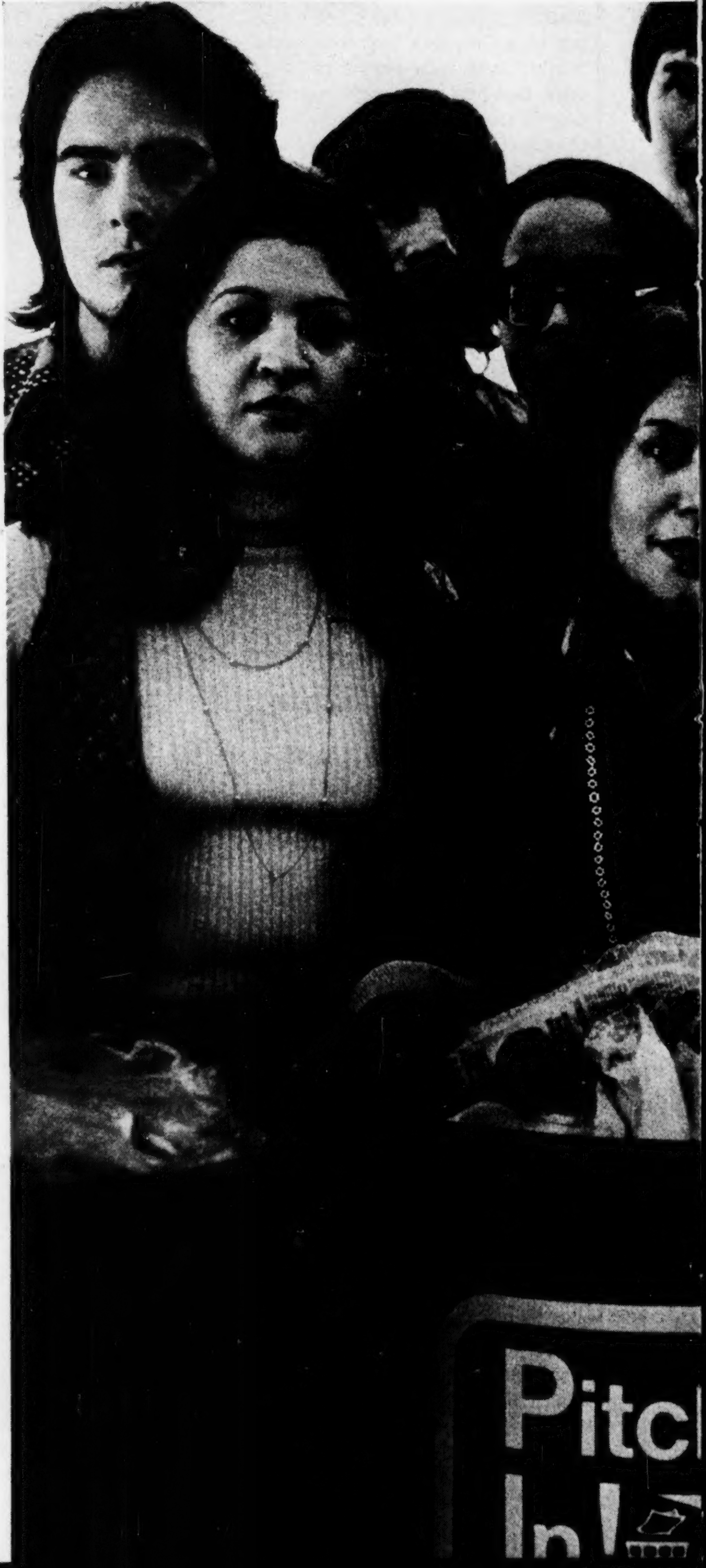
National College "Pitch In!" Week, April 22-27



It's an opportunity for concerned students to work together on a worthwhile project, for the campus or the community.

It's a chance to join with thousands of organizations, community action groups and government bodies who have proved that organized "Pitch In!" programs can do something about litter.

It's a satisfying project, with results that show up immediately. Even more important, the project pays off in lasting results. Research shows that heavily littered areas attract more litter; a clean area influences people to behave more considerately.

and clean up

Win one of five $1,000.00 educational awards for your school... From Budweiser® and ABC Radio

American Contemporary Radio Network is cooperating with Budweiser to present National College "Pitch In!" Week. Five $1,000 prizes (one in each Budweiser marketing region) will be awarded to the schools for the most creative and effective "Pitch In!" Weeks. The opportunities are endless. The rules are simple:

The National College "Pitch In!" Week Rules

1. Any college or university, or any approved organization on campus, is eligible to participate in National College "Pitch In!" Week.
2. To enter, colleges or organizations should send a letter or postcard indicating willingness to participate.
3. Documentation – Results of "Pitch In!" Week may be documented by written summary, along with photographs, newspaper clippings, tapes, motion picture films, etc. All materials become the property of ABC Radio Network.
4. Reports of results must be mailed to ABC Radio no later than midnight, May 17, 1974.
5. Decisions by the panel of judges will be final.

For more information contact:
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White House tax tips

Got the April 15 blues? Here's how to save big money!

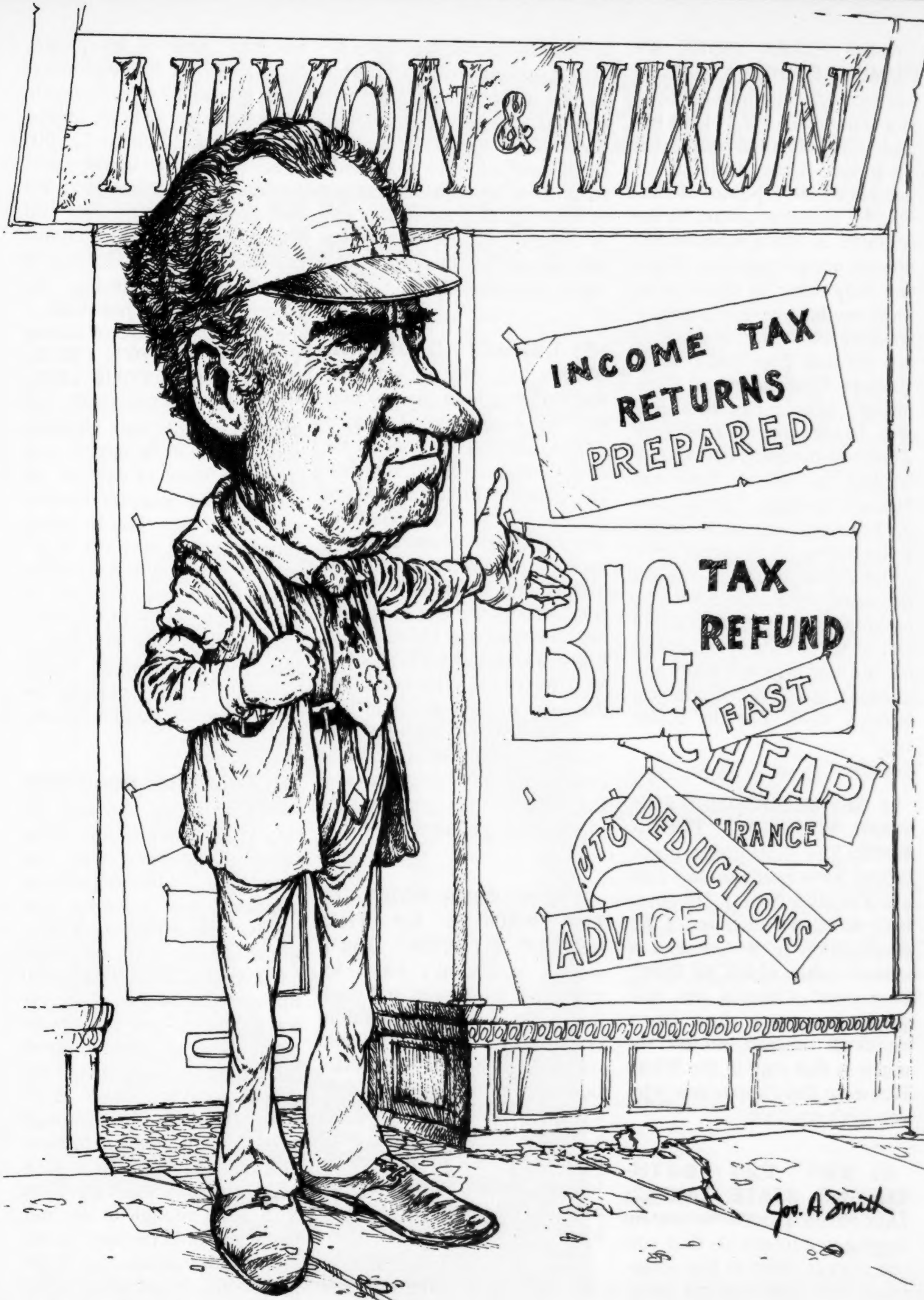
On June 1, 1973, IRS district director William Walters sent the following note to Taxpayer Richard M. Nixon, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.: "Our examination of your income tax for the years 1971 and 1972 revealed that they are correct. . . . I want to compliment you on the care shown in the preparation of your returns."

Now you, too, can receive love notes from the tax man and save money at the same time, just by putting into practice the following simple rules. They worked for Richard Nixon. In 1970 he paid only $793 in taxes on an income of over $200,000! And now it can work for you.

1) PAY NO ATTENTION TO DATES: That's right, SIMPLY BY IGNORING THAT BOTHERSOME CALENDAR, YOU CAN SAVE! You can bet that Taxpayer Nixon has never let dates stop him. No siree, he once got a keen deduction just by making sure that one deed was backdated a few months. No problem. If he hadn't, it would have LOOKED BAD and GOTTEN HIM IN TROUBLE. Now you can do the same thing. Change the dates on records of luncheons, vacations, your tax return itself! Fact is, IF YOU'VE ALREADY GOTTEN YOUR RETURN IN FOR THIS YEAR, YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING WRONG. That's right, all you have to do is leave a note in your files saying that you sent in your return in mid-March. If anyone asks, YOU'VE GOT EVIDENCE. Then you can take your own sweet time and get in your return whenever you want. Or not at all!

2) GET YOURSELF A SLICK ACCOUNTANT: Taxpayer Nixon got himself a couple of the slickest in Arthur Belch and Frank DeMarco Jr. Sure it was expensive. Taxpayer Nixon spent $22,000 in four years to have his taxes prepared. But it was sure worth it, because Dick Nixon saved over $400,000! And now you can get an accountant to connive and scheme and maybe even cheat a little just for you! Just look in the Yellow Pages or, better yet, get a rich friend to recommend one.

3) DONATE YOUR PAPERS TO THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES: Well, you say, who would want my papers? A good question. But then, who would have thought that anyone wanted 500 cartons and 17 file cabinets of Taxpayer Nixon's old papers, almost half of them containing invitations to social events AND TURNDOWNS OF THOSE INVITATIONS? Who would have thought that anyone wanted carton after carton filled with newspaper clippings, WHOLE UNCLIPPED NEWSPAPERS and letters from children? But somebody did! Yes, Taxpayer Nixon got himself a nifty $576,000 deduction for his papers, even after he had removed all the good ones. So don't worry about it. Chances are the National Archives will be JUST AS INTERESTED in your high school diploma or photocopies of your first paycheck or even those old newspapers that you were planning to donate to the paper-collection drive.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ADVICE!
Jos. A Smith

ILLUSTRATION BY JOS. A. SMITH

4) DO EXTRA WORK AT HOME? DEDUCT!: Yep, if you do any work at home, or even in your vacation home, you are eligible for deductions there, too. Taxpayer Nixon claimed 25 percent of the expenses of running his beautiful cottage by the seashore at San Clemente and nobody argued with him! If you can only come to think of almost anything as work, the possibilities for savings in this area are infinite! Free-lance writer Frances Tenenbaum of Cambridge, Mass., has the right idea. In a letter to the New York *Times* she disclosed how she intended to follow Taxpayer Nixon's example: "From now on I must include depreciation to the living room carpet upon which I pace while looking for the next sentence; upon the night table where I keep a pad and pencil for 3 a.m. thoughts; for the bed where I drink my morning coffee while I edit yesterday's work. For the coffee cup?"

5) GET DEDUCTIONS FOR YOUR WORN-OUT FURNITURE: Yes, that broken-down dinette set is worth money! Just ask Taxpayer Nixon.. He got a hefty $17,216 deduction for the depreciation of a desk and a cabinet table which he didn't even own! Chances are that your furniture has been knocked around almost as much as that stuff in the White House, so there's no reason why you can't save, too.

6) WHY PAY BOTHERSOME STATE TAXES?: Dick Nixon doesn't! No, just by juggling addresses so that you can always claim to live someplace else, you can get away without paying ONE PENNY in state or local taxes. That's right. If you had kept a post office box in your college town or kept up with that old friend who moved to Richmond, Virginia, you, too, could have another place to say you lived. And there's no need to stop with state taxes! If you have a cousin in Montreal or, better yet, a pal in Istanbul, there's a chance that you can get away with paying no federal taxes!

7) DEDUCT GASOLINE BILLS: Sure, why not get a tax write-off for those big gas bills you have to pay? Taxpayer Nixon does, and he does all his riding in government vehicles! He just told the tax man that the gardener at his San Clemente place had had to drive 50,000 miles in an old truck and that earned him his $78.51 deduction. Besides the legitimate deductions you can claim, YOU CAN MAKE UP A STORY OF YOUR OWN! Why not claim that you spent a weekend last summer driving to Alaska? Or better yet, that you drove your compact 100,000 miles between the street and the garage hauling gardening equipment?

8) GIVE YOUR HOME TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES: Don't worry, you don't have to relinquish it until you and your family die. But you can save on taxes NOW. Taxpayer Nixon stands to get a $120,000 deduction for handing over his San Clemente house, and he still has a couple of homes left. You probably won't get that much for your house, but give it away anyway. What have you got to lose?

9) SET UP YOUR OWN FOUNDATION: Taxpayer Nixon set up his in 1969 to finance and construct a library for even more of his papers. Since then, the foundation has come up with all sorts of ways to skimp and save on taxes, among them paying Ed Nixon $21,000 under the table to look for sites for the library right near his own house. That's right. Ed Nixon received in fees almost one-third of the total assets of the foundation! Besides the money you'll save, just think of the fun and prestige of having YOUR VERY OWN FOUNDATION AND YOUR VERY OWN MAKE-BELIEVE LIBRARY! And your brothers and sisters will be happy, too! (Just one word of caution. Be sure to find yourself trustees who are as interested in saving your tax dollars as you are. Taxpayer Nixon got himself some of the finest public servants he has ever known, including John Ehrlichman, Bob Haldeman, John Mitchell, Herbert Kalmbach and Frank DeMarco, his accountant. Oh, and Ed Nixon.)

10) RUN FOR POLITICAL OFFICE: If you win, this will help you accomplish all of the above. Taxpayer Nixon has found that holding office is an invaluable way to keep your hands on those slippery dollars. In the last few years his wealth has MORE THAN TRIPLED! But even if you lose, there are ways to save. You can always count on saving a little bit from the campaign. Some people say that Taxpayer Nixon saved enough from his 1968 campaign to buy a whole estate in fashionable San Clemente. Your campaign probably won't leave you with quite enough to do that, but if you hold the line on balloons and buttons, you might just be able to get away with a down payment on that shack in the woods you've had your eye on. ●

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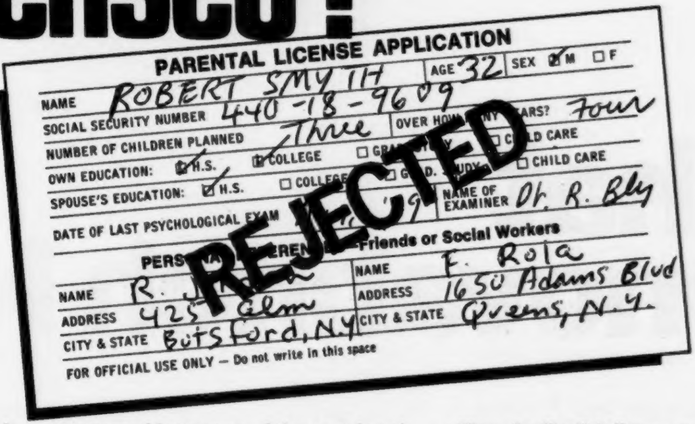

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NUMBER OF CHILDREN PLANNED Three | ☐ CHILD CARE

OWN EDUCATION: ☑ H.S. ☑ COLLEGE ☐ GRAD. STUDY | ☐ CHILD CARE

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DATE OF LAST PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAM | NAME OF EXAMINER Dr. R. Bly

PERSONAL REFERENCES—Friends or Social Workers

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Maybe you think it sounds pretty outrageous, too—that such a thing would be a frightening government invasion of individual rights, and a door-opener to "master-race" kind of thinking.

Outrageous the proposal may be. But far-fetched it's not. Some pretty important people are advocating it right now.

One of them is Dr. Roger W. McIntire, Professor of Psychology at the University of Maryland. In a recent article, he notes that "we do have, or soon will have, the technology to control individual procreation." And he suggests that would-be parents could be compelled to submit to semi-permanent contraceptive measures unless and until they could pass a licensing test proving their fitness for parenthood.

The forum chosen by Dr. McIntire for his controversial suggestions? Psychology Today, the pioneering monthly magazine that brings you the latest discoveries and theories about the complexities of our human nature...

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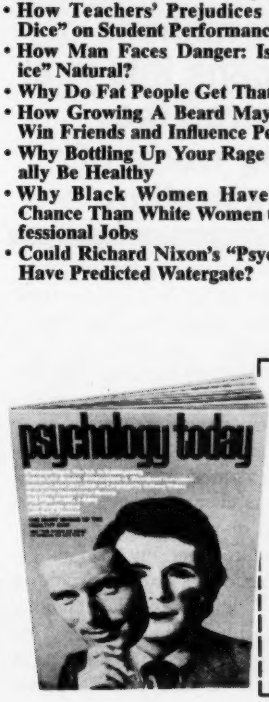

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"That sonovabitch Nixon"

By Jack Friedman

One afternoon a couple of weeks back, a shaggy young New Yorker sat in a shabby office waiting room leafing through the New York *Post*. On the editorial page that day was a particularly feisty Herblock cartoon featuring a tiny, snarling Nixon trapped inside an hourglass—with the sand level dropping precipitously. The young man laughed out loud. A huge bald-headed man waiting nearby glanced in his direction. "What's so funny?" he asked. Cradled in the bald man's lap was a yellow hardhat that had been plastered with Old Glory decals. The young man hesitated, certain the hardhat was about to launch into a diatribe against the liberal media, then showed him the cartoon. The hardhat studied it intently. "Isn't that Nixon something else?" he said finally. "I just can't believe that bastard pays $700 income tax when I pay close to three thou." He shook his head and whispered, "Never again buddy . . . . I'm sick of getting my ass burned." Then he walked into the office of the man he had been waiting to see, his tax preparer.

He was followed moments later by the young man, who informed the accountant, a harried-looking guy behind a chipped desk, that he would be perfectly happy to pay the same tax as the President. The accountant sighed. "I've heard that before. About a million times. I just heard it ten minutes ago in fact."

But, he went on to explain, things haven't been all bad. Not at all. "I've been getting all kinds of business—lots of little schlumps that Nixon has given ideas to." He knocked three times on his formica desk. "I don't know why they're here. I don't know from this ethical crap. All I know is they're here, they're pissed, and every other word outta their mouths is 'gimme a deduction for this and for that.' "

Or how millions of Americans this year discovered the exciting world of tax preparation

Almost everyone in the tax-preparation business agrees. Not only are there more customers than ever, but they're angrier than ever. And there are more low-income customers than ever. And the deductions people are requesting—and in some cases demanding—are far and away more audacious than ever.

When assured of confidentiality, the accountants' clients are not in the least reticent about discussing their new recklessness. Most are especially keen on discussing the President's taxes, and phrases like "fed up," "disgusted" and "boiling mad" pop up with startling regularity. No one, it appears, believes that Nixon's tax problems are the result of political persecution, poor choice of subordinates or anything else less damning than his own niggardly character.

"Rodriguez Associates," let us call it, is a storefront office in Spanish Harlem. There is one desk. An elderly, myopic lady sits behind that desk. A pile of crumpled papers sits on the floor.

"Rodriguez" is where Raymond, a Cuban approaching 65 years of age, gets his taxes done. For 40 years Raymond was in the merchant marine. Now he is a building superintendent in Park Slope, Brooklyn. He has always earned a good living. His constant "prosperity," he brags, has made him quite savvy about the taxation process.

"Oh yeah, definitely, man. This year I'm gonna gamble." He explains that he will inflate his deductions by adding nonexistent medical expenses. And if the IRS disallows those claims, he notes, he will only have to pay the back tax plus an additional 6 percent interest—less than the interest on a bank loan. And if the IRS should want to see the receipts? "My nephew is a pharmacist and he will give them to me." And if his tax preparer should want to see them? Raymond looks at the desiccated old woman behind the desk and hoots at the idea.

"Forget it, man, she's a jerk. That's why she works here. That's why I come here to such a lousy, infested place. She'll write down whatever I tell her. As long as the numbers add up, they'll never get me. . . . If they do, so what. I lose more on the

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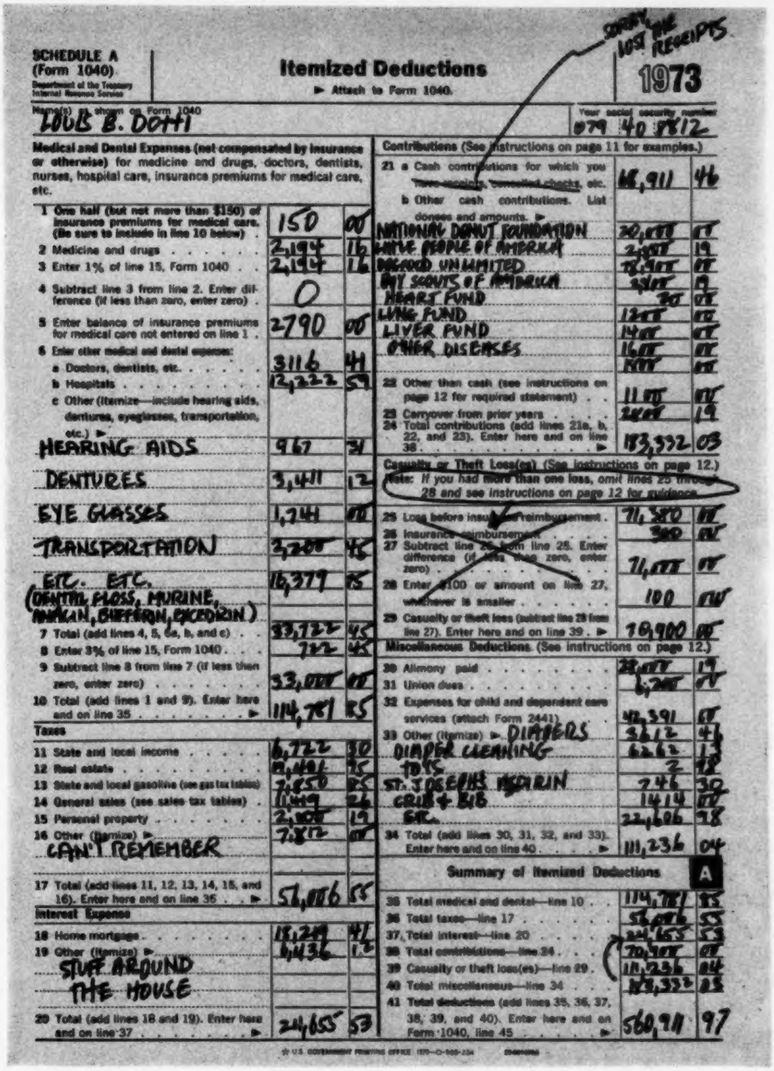
Jack Friedman, a New York free lance, is a frequent contributor to the Village Voice.



SCHEDULE A
(Form 1040)
Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

Itemized Deductions
► Attach to Form 1040.

SORRY LOST THE RECEIPTS

1973

Name(s) as shown on Form 1040: LOUIS B. DOTTI

Your social security number: 079 40 8812

Medical and Dental Expenses (not compensated by insurance or otherwise) for medicine and drugs, doctors, dentists, nurses, hospital care, insurance premiums for medical care, etc.

1 One half (but not more than $150) of insurance premiums for medical care. (Be sure to include in line 10 below)	150	00
2 Medicine and drugs	2,194	16
3 Enter 1% of line 15, Form 1040	2,194	16
4 Subtract line 3 from line 2. Enter difference (if less than zero, enter zero)	0	
5 Enter balance of insurance premiums for medical care not entered on line 1	2790	00
6 Enter other medical and dental expenses:		
a Doctors, dentists, etc.	3116	44
b Hospitals	12,222	59
c Other (itemize—include hearing aids, dentures, eyeglasses, transportation, etc.) ►		
HEARING AIDS	967	31
DENTURES	3,411	12
EYE GLASSES	1,744	00
TRANSPORTATION	2,200	45
ETC. ETC. (DENTAL FLOSS, MURINE, ANACIN, BUFFERIN, EXCEDRIN)	16,379	85
7 Total (add lines 4, 5, 6a, b, and c)	33,722	45
8 Enter 3% of line 15, Form 1040	722	45
9 Subtract line 8 from line 7 (if less than zero, enter zero)	33,000	00
10 Total (add lines 1 and 9). Enter here and on line 35 ►	114,781	85

Taxes

11 State and local income	6,722	30
12 Real estate	11,401	75
13 State and local gasoline (see gas tax tables)	7,850	85
14 General sales (see sales tax tables)	11,419	26
15 Personal property	2,800	19
16 Other (itemize) ► CAN'T REMEMBER	7,812	00
17 Total (add lines 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16). Enter here and on line 36 ►	51,006	55

Interest Expense

18 Home mortgage	18,219	41
19 Other (itemize) ► STUFF AROUND THE HOUSE	6,436	12
20 Total (add lines 18 and 19). Enter here and on line 37 ►	24,655	53

Contributions (See instructions on page 11 for examples.)

21 a Cash contributions for which you ~~have receipts, cancelled checks~~, etc.	66,911	46
b Other cash contributions. List donees and amounts. ►		
NATIONAL DONUT FOUNDATION	30,000	00
LITTLE PEOPLE OF AMERICA	2,000	19
DAGWOOD UNLIMITED	78,900	00
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA	3,400	19
HEART FUND	300	00
LUNG FUND	1200	00
LIVER FUND	1400	00
OTHER DISEASES	1600	00
	1800	00
22 Other than cash (see instructions on page 12 for required statement)	11,000	00
23 Carryover from prior years	2400	19
24 Total contributions (add lines 21a, b, 22, and 23). Enter here and on line 38 ►	183,332	03

Casualty or Theft Loss(es) (See instructions on page 12.)
Note: If you had more than one loss, omit lines 25 through 28 and see instructions on page 12 for guidance.

25 Loss before insurance reimbursement	71,580	00
26 Insurance reimbursement	300	00
27 Subtract line 26 from line 25. Enter difference (if less than zero, enter zero)	71,000	00
28 Enter $100 or amount on line 27, whichever is smaller	100	00
29 Casualty or theft loss (subtract line 28 from line 27). Enter here and on line 39 ►	70,900	00

Miscellaneous Deductions (See instructions on page 12.)

30 Alimony paid	28,000	19
31 Union dues	6,200	00
32 Expenses for child and dependent care services (attach Form 2441)	42,391	60
33 Other (itemize) ► DIAPERS	3612	41
DIAPER CLEANING	6262	13
TOYS	2	48
ST. JOSEPH'S ASPIRIN	746	30
CRIB + BIB	1414	00
ETC.	22,606	98
34 Total (add lines 30, 31, 32, and 33). Enter here and on line 40 ►	111,236	04

Summary of Itemized Deductions **A**

35 Total medical and dental—line 10	114,781	85
36 Total taxes—line 17	51,006	55
37 Total interest—line 20	24,655	53
38 Total contributions—line 24	70,900	00
39 Casualty or theft loss(es)—line 29	111,236	04
40 Total miscellaneous—line 34	183,332	03
41 Total deductions (add lines 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, and 40). Enter here and on Form 1040, line 45 ►	560,911	97

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horses. . . . Besides, I'm a naturalized citizen. I got rights just like the President. Right?"

"Prudential Tax" (also a fictitious name) is a neat, obsessively cheerful office in Brooklyn Heights. The people who work there are young and–unlike many other tax preparers–not afraid of the 1040 long form. Geri, a high school English teacher in her late 20s, has a large, triumphant grin on her face. "Prudential" has just put an entirely legal $115 into her pocket–less their $25 fee, of course. And Geri has just discovered the limitless universe of deductions.

"R.M. Nixon has really raised my consciousness," she says. Generally, I used to just doodle around with the short form. But this year has been a revelation. . . . I mean at this utterly psychotic moment in time, if you don't finagle a bit it's almost anti-survival–and I'm very pro-survival. . . . From now on I'm saving every single receipt I get. You can't believe the things you can deduct." Chalk up one more lifelong adversary for the IRS.

"Jackson Tax Associates" (yep, a fake name) is located in the most unsavory section of Jamaica, Queens. Everything inside the office seems to be rented on a very temporary basis, everything from the scrofulous furniture to the six clerks–all of whom could win parts as Uriah Heep. Oddly, this is one of the larger tax-preparation chains.

Jimmy, a portly bartender in his mid-50s who is hanging around the waiting room, volunteers that his political persuasion is "radical conservative" and that he is quite proud of it. "There's no question that this society has gone entirely to pot. Rome? . . ." He dismisses the depravity of that earlier civilization with a simple hand gesture. "And Nixon?" He exhales loudly and rolls his eyes to the ceiling. "I can't wait to find out what Mills has on that s.o.b. It's got to be pretty tasty."

Jimmy confides that he will report considerably less of his earnings from tips than he did last year. "Screw 'em," he says. "Let the In*f*ernal Revenue Service try and catch me." He pauses and adds ironically, "Anyway, they've already got their hands full now, don't they?"

"Reliable Tax Preparers," a storefront in the Tremont section of the Bronx which smells as if it had been a kosher delicatessen in its previous incarnation, is staffed by a pair of eager, astute-looking Latins. A black cabdriver named Carla, who is 35 and working towards a master's degree, is waiting behind the counter. "I'm just here for the money," she says. "No, Nixon's antics haven't affected me in any way. To me he's just another cog in the shit machine, and all the cogs are interchangeable.

"But the men I work with, the other cabdrivers, have never felt that way about Nixon. They could care less about the Ellsberg break-in. Yet this tax thing gets them. They take *that* very personally. Now they've all got those little tax-advice books. All day long they go around arguing the fine points of deduction like Talmudic scholars. I like to feel that it's the first step in a consciousness revolution, but I doubt that it is. They just feel they've been burned and they want to do some burning back."

No one, it seems, not even die-hard Nixon partisans, can quite justify the President's tax shenanigans, and it appears increasingly likely that it may be flagrant tax abuse that finally dislodges Nixon from the White House. In the meantime a lot of straight people in this country have become tax-time hustlers. And many of those who managed to toe the line this year already regret it and are looking forward to April, '75. They are determined not to chicken out again. As one of them, a young Puerto Rican who is saving his dollars to return to the island, puts it, "I don't really know if it's safe, but I got to try. That stuff with the President's real estate and his taxes drives me crazy." He slaps his head with his palm. "Ah, man, that Nixon is *boolsheet*." ●

top of the news

Bloody Harlan strikes again

By James Lieber

If you go to Harlan County
There is no neutral there,
You'll either be a union man
Or a thug for J.H. Blair.

From "Which Side Are You On,"
a labor song of the 1930s

Harlan County, Kentucky, has not changed much since the '30s. Like most of back-hollow Appalachia, Harlan has an air of timelessness. Devoid of the neon trappings of the '60s and '70s, there are cafes, not McDonalds', hotels, not motels. Prohibition is still in effect, and the richest people in town besides the mine owners are bootleggers. Coal, the only industry and the majority employer, is the gossip and the pulse.

The reputation of Harlan has not changed either. To the people of southern Appalachia and to miners everywhere, Harlan is "Bloody Harlan," the site of deadly gun wars over whether or not those who work underground should have a union.

The most recent chapter in the legend was written in December of 1969, when William Turnblazer, president of the Harlan local of the United Mine Workers, and three others from the area participated in the murder of Jock Yablonski, the insurgent candidate for the UMW presidency, and his family. Yablonski had refused to bring his insurgent campaign to Harlan for fear that he'd be killed. Probably he was right.

The UMW signed its first contract in Harlan in 1938. For a quarter century it was as powerful a force in the community as the Baptist Church or coal itself. In the early '60s, however, the demand for coal plummeted. This, coupled with John L. Lewis' mismanagement of the union towards the end of his life, led the UMW into desperate financial straits. The union got rid of its hospitals, waged lackluster strikes and stood by as the new president, Tony Boyle, permitted area coal operators to sign sweetheart contracts with unions of their own creation or to do without collective bargaining altogether. It's fairly clear now that kickbacks to the UMW leadership greased the transition.

Some of the most bitter union wars in history have been fought in Harlan County, Kentucky. And now the shock troops of labor are back

With less work and little representation, the perpetual migration to Midwestern auto and steel centers intensified. By and large, the locals in District 19, which included eastern Kentucky and northeastern Tennessee, became "pensioners' locals." The old-timers lived off their $115-a-month bituminous pensions and remained rabidly loyal to the increasingly corrupt leadership. Tony Boyle, after all, was Lewis' handpicked successor, and John L. Lewis was Jesus Christ. Yablonski was hated and perceived as a threat to their pensions and their creed. Old men killed him.

The '70s saw a shift in the coal market: more demand, more work. Mine families even began trickling back from Gary and Detroit. With Boyle discredited and defeated, the union's new leadership decided to try to reorganize the area. When the Eastover Mining Company's contract with the Southern Labor Union (SLU), a company union, expired in June, the UMW opposed the SLU in an election supervised by the National Labor Relations Board, and won the right to represent the miners by 113 to 55. Three weeks later management broke off negotiations, and 160 men walked out.

The Eastover strike, now nine months old, is the first test of the new Mine Worker leadership, and it may be one of the more important labor battles of the '70s. About 40 percent of the tonnage in the rich coal fields of eastern Kentucky is produced by nonunion labor. If the UMW wins in Harlan, other coal operators will give in more easily. If the union loses, chances are that it will be years before it signs a contract in the region. To a degree, the authority of the new leadership hangs in the balance. A lot of grizzled pensioners in Harlan still maintain that the Labor De-

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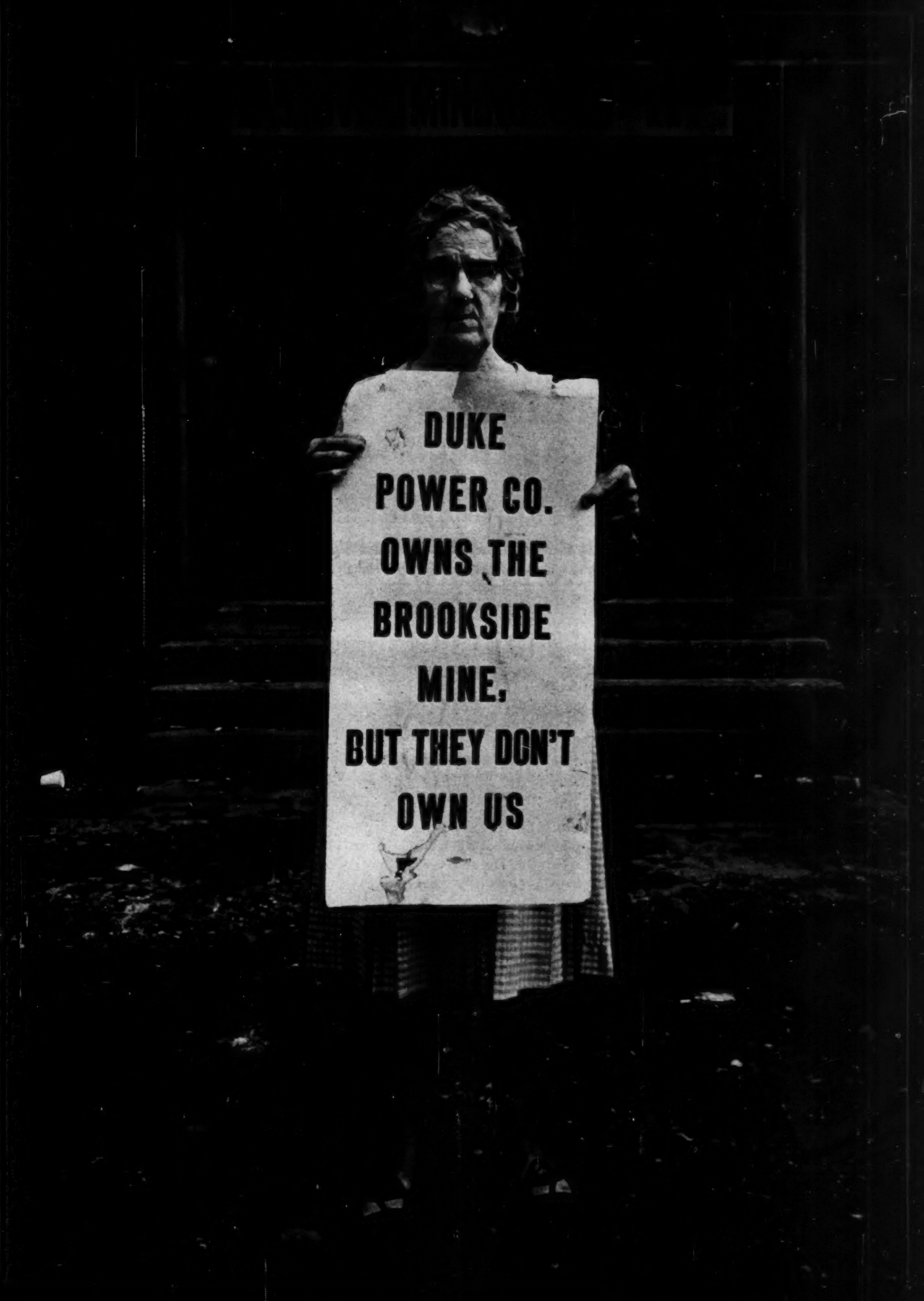
James Lieber is a free-lance journalist whose writings have appeared in The Nation *and the* Village Voice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL DOTTER


DUKE
POWER CO.
OWNS THE
BROOKSIDE
MINE,
BUT THEY DON'T
OWN US

The strike claims its fourth generation in Harlan County.

partment handed Arnold Miller his office and that he doesn't represent the rank and file. The union is very interested in putting that sort of thinking to rest. To keep the men on strike, it's providing them with $100 a week, Blue Cross and Blue Shield and enough stoker coal to heat their homes through the winter. The last time Harlan miners had an officially sanctioned strike was in the mid-'60s. Then the union gave each family $25 a week in food coupons. This time it means business.

Though much is at issue in the walkout, wages are not. The workers are already being paid at the UMW scale. The central demands are proper medical coverage, a pension plan and a miners' safety committee with teeth. But talking to the people on strike, I gathered that more, indeed possibly their way of life, is at stake.

Ray and Mary Widener's clapboard house is just across the road from Eastover's Brookside mine. The house belongs to the company. The rent, $10 a month, hasn't been paid since the strike began. Like most of the dwellings in the camp, it is inadequate. It's too small for the couple and their two teenage daughters. The walls, which are less than an inch thick, quake whenever a car rumbles over the nearby bridge. The plumbing is an enclosed hole in the back porch planks. The porch juts over a gully. Below is the open heap of shit and wadded paper. The Wideners would like to move, but housing's short.

"Ever'body comes here," drawls Ray, sitting in a simple living room dominated by family pictures and a large painting of Jesus wearing a halo. Mary indicates that each morning at five she makes urns of "union coffee" for the pickets. This day, as all others, strikers will be by to talk strategy.

Ray is a broad-shouldered, big-bellied man with parted curly hair and no-nonsense hooded eyes. His movements are deliberate and powerful. Physically, his wife is his antithesis. Petite and spritely, she has sparkling eyes and piles her hair in a beehive. The shag and the dry look haven't exactly swept Appalachia.

Ray and Mary were born and raised in the area. During the '60s they lived in Dayton, where Ray worked in a tire plant. Both prefer Harlan. Mary expects that her daughters will marry miners and settle here.

"People are more common here," says Ray. Then he pauses. "Except for the scabs. They're lower than a sonovabitch. The ones that are scabbin' never could hold a job. Just drawed food stamps."

Right now the mines are closed, so there are no scabs. Mary had as much to do with that as Ray. The mine worked till the end of September, when the Brookside Women's Club, of which Mary was a member, took action. The club, an association of miners' wives, was hardly as demure as its name. On September 26, when foremen tried to drive scabs through the picket line, the women were there en masse with sticks and hoe handles. They flailed away at the cars and poked through windows. Some of the strikebreakers tried to get out of the cars but were beaten back into their seats. About 20 women, including Mary, were jailed and fined for contempt (an injunction had been in effect). Half kept their children with them in the cells. After two days, public outcry was so great that the judge suspended the sentences. Mary signed a statement that she would pay a $500 fine. But the Wideners didn't intend to pay. Their strike benefits of $100 a week amounted to half of Ray's normal income. "Ain't gonna pay," he says. "Can't pay."

They believe the company will again try to push workers through despite the long hiatus. Mary means it when she says, "We ain't lettin' them scabs through. They'll get the same as they got before. Get switched. I got more backbone than I think I had."

Ray mirrors her feelings. "If I pull six months in jail, it don't make no damn difference. No one's gonna get my job."

The couple are concerned about safety, hospitalization and other articulated issues in the strike, but their militancy is rooted in the belief that if they don't win they can't remain in Harlan. "Got a blacklist goin'," growls Ray, his usually sleepy eyes alive. "The foremen been takin' all our pictures for the coal op-

How long could they stay on strike? A man who worked in the tipple says, "I can stay out a couple of years"

erators' association."

It is late afternoon and Ray and Mary are due at a friend's house. Ray jams a Smith and Wesson .38 into his belt. It is a tense time, and many people in Harlan are packing guns.

Across the road from the Wideners about a dozen miners have picket duty. The picketers sit on benches and whittle. Occasionally, someone feeds coal into a stove built from steel drums. Most of the men have Anglo-Saxon features and names. Fix the teeth and exchange the work clothes for suits and it could almost be a group of bankers.

But one of the men is black, which seems unusual because mines and mine camps in the region are segregated. The man had been transferred to Brookside from another Eastover mine when the strike broke out. "They figured because I was colored I would cross the picket line," he says, a trifle mournfully. "I don't cross no picket lines."

Talk around the stove centers as much on work as on the strike. Mines, like prisons, long have figured in concepts of hell, but most of these men like the work, take pride in it, relish its intricacies. They actually take pleasure from living on the brink. A hundred thousand men have died in American mines since the turn of the century; 130 so far this year. Every man there has experienced a roof fall, fire or a shuttle car wreck. "When you go in, you don't know whether you're comin' back or not," says a man who came back from Vietnam with a plate in his head. It is unmistakable. Survival gives them an inkling of immortality.

Yet they are highly concerned about safety. Eastover, they assert, rarely makes corrections after being written up by federal inspectors, and it fails to repair equipment. Two torque machine operators are especially adamant. In terms of safety, their job, bolting timbers across the top of the seam, is the most crucial in the mine.

The two say their machines have worn-out parts and can no longer be controlled. The bolts were designed for about two hundred pounds of torque, but before the mines closed the machines had been applying three to four hundred pounds. The men had tried to compensate by winding the bolts back. But it was impossible to eradicate the effects of the initial stress. The fear was that bolts would begin to snap. "It just ain't safe," says one of the bolters. "They made people do what they wasn't wantin' to do. Now a UMW safety committee would've backed us up on it. But Southern Labor, they just went along with the company."

Jailed members of the Brookside Women's Club. They say they'll do it again.

The miners also score their old medical coverage. Under Southern Labor, they received medical cards which they claim were refused by hospitals.

How long could they stay on strike? A young man who worked in the tipple says, "If I can keep livin' pretty decent, I can stay out a couple years."

How do they feel about Arnold Miller? A man who had left Harlan during the last strike makes a comment that seems representative. "I believe he'll be as good as John L. No, maybe there'll never be another John L." As for Tony Boyle, he is universally despised by the working miners. The only controversy about him seems to be whether or not he should be executed.

The miners have only two fears, the blacklist and "gun thugs." As one puts it, "Norman Yarborough [the Eastover boss] has hired the most notorious gun thugs in Harlan County." One of the guards has been convicted of murder. Another, according to an old-timer wearing an "In UMWA we trust" button, "killed a colored boy, but they didn't take him to prison."

To date there has been only one serious shooting incident. At night one of Yarborough's employees fired into the back of a pickup in which three strikers were riding. The bullet splintered into the dash and floor. One of the passengers was grazed on the ankle. Had it not been a new truck subject to recent regulations that require the gas tank be moved from behind the cab, an explosion probably would've occurred. The gunman was arrested and charged with attempted murder. He claimed that the men in the truck had exploded dynamite on his property, but the police could locate no fragments.

Norman Yarborough, a vigorous 50-year-old with flinty eyes, a square jaw and greying brown hair, has much in common with his employees. His father was a miner, and Norman was raised in an Alabama coal

The Brookside mine and the home of one of the men who works it. The company owns the house.

camp. Ironically, his father was also a UMW organizer. In the '30s, unable to get work in Alabama because of his union activities, he moved his family to Harlan. At 15, Yarborough began pulling the second shift in the mines after school. After winning a scholarship to the University of Tennessee and an engineering degree, he took a succession of management jobs in East Kentucky mines. In 1970 he began working as president of Eastover, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Charlotte, N.C., based Duke Power Company. According to *Fortune*, Duke is the sixth in sales and fifteenth in assets among American utilities.

Open-shirted, Yarborough seems comfortable in his unpretentious office, the walls of which are covered with glyph-like underground maps. Outside, the Brookside Women's Club has parked their sound truck and a member is on the mike. "Hey Yardbird, no contrackee no workee," she chants.

Yarborough doesn't seem fazed. In the '60s, when he ran a mine at nearby Lynch, he withstood the union for 18 months, before finally beating it.

"These people say I hire known felons as guards," he says. "Well it's a crime and a felony to band together and beat on a man's car. Besides, is there any reason not to hire a parolee?" He pauses and lifts a document from his desk. "I've got a letter here from a prisoner in Indiana. He says he can get paroled if he gets a job, any job."

But does it make sense to put a gun in the hand of a person who has killed before?

"I've got a million dollars' worth of equipment in the tipple," he answers firmly. "If someone's sneaking over there at night, he's gonna get shot. Now, if you had to protect property, would you hire a Sunday school teacher to do it?"

Yarborough's opinion of the medical insurance question is just as far from the miners' view. Southern Labor, he says, had medical insurance that was comparable to the UMW's; however, the mine families abused it, which was why hospitals turned them away. "Why, one woman went to the doctor eight times for a lousy bee sting. Eight times."

Perhaps of greatest import to Yarborough is that he not have a UMW safety committee operating at Brookside. "I'm not about to abdicate the right to the final say on safety because I'm the responsible party. Ultimately, it has to be a management decision." He is particularly irked by the safety committee's power to close unsafe sections, or the entire mine. "I've got a responsibility to the shareholders of Duke Power. You can't put this kind of money into an operation, and then turn it over to people who can shut it down any time they like."

On safety in general, Yarborough reflects, "There isn't any such animal as a safe coal mine. They just don't exist. We operate as safe a mine as we know how." He admits the UMW's charges that he had been cited repeatedly for violations by inspectors, but claims that this is par in an industry where corrective devices are in short supply.

Yarborough says that personally he doesn't care whether he deals with the UMW or SLU, though he does prefer bargaining collectively. Would he, one cannot but wonder, be on the picket line if the shoe were on the other foot. He smiles. "When I worked, I never wanted a union. A union holds a man back and I always wanted to go."

But, he says, the charges that he blacklists union activists are totally groundless. "It's against the law," he says, a hard edge on his voice, "and I'm not that stupid."

However, one miner, Jerry Johnson, offers to prove that a blacklist exists. Johnson, a tawny, slender man in his late 20s, is known for his ability to do every job in the mine. But he also has a reputation as a leader. Elected an officer of the SLU at Brookside in 1970, he came to believe that the union had no intention of paying medical bills or pensions, and he spent most of his term agitating for a UMW election and contract.

Because of his skills, Johnson never had trouble landing work in Harlan County before the trouble. He knows that no operator will take him on now.

At the V & C mine, on the other

"These people say I hire felons as guards," says the mine boss. "Is there any reason not to hire a parolee?"

side of town, Johnson asks the owner if he has anything open for him. The man says there are no jobs. Next he stops at the Mary Helen mine, where he had once worked for a year and a half. In the company restaurant he bumps into Clyde Goins, the superintendent. Goins seems flustered by the request. "Don't have nothin'," he responds, finally. "Fact is, we laid six men off within the week."

On the way out Johnson finds a friend who has been working at Mary Helen for five years. No, the man says, there have been no layoffs.

Later, a miner who is almost certain he hasn't been photographed agrees to phone the owner of the V & C mine (the first person who refused Johnson) about a job. The owner tells the man to see a superintendent about being taken on. There is definitely a blacklist in Harlan County.

Perhaps the best barometer of the strike's significance is Hobert Grills, president of the Harlan County Black Lung Association. A stooped arthritic of 55, who walks with a cane and wears thick glasses, Grills seems ten years older than his age; until he speaks. Then he seems younger. In 1972, against the advice of many, he organized a rally at which Arnold Miller gave a campaign speech. Grills anticipated correctly that Harlan was ready for the event. There was no violence. Miller, according to Grills, was "an old coal miner just like we are. If we keep him in line, we've got a good thing. We trusted John L. too much."

Grills joined the UMW in the '30s and has sharp memories of the "Battle of Evarts" and the "Battle of Crummies," two slaughters that attended early Harlan strikes. "It's pretty tense here right now," he acknowledges.

Rolling a cigarette, he says that the present strike is perhaps the most important to date. "Buddy, if the UMW don't win, I'd say the last union contract had been signed in Harlan County." He insists that the men had no choice but to strike. "They had a yellerdog union if there ever was one. There weren't no contract. Just two pages and it was all for the company."

Though unable to picket, Grills has been embroiled in the strike. After an injunction limited the number of pickets at Brookside, he made radio tapes urging people to attend 5 a.m. "revival meetings" at the mine entrance. The meetings ruined the injunction. When the enjoining judge subpoenaed the tapes, Grills claimed "executive privilege" and was thrown in jail for contempt. He is prepared to go back. "If they don't get this contract signed, they'll blacklist all of 'em. That's the way the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association works."

Later, Grills leaves to attend a function of the Brookside Women's Club. The women raffle bundt cakes, then show "Salt of the Earth," the early '50s film about a zinc miners' strike in New Mexico.

The movie situation closely resembles the Harlan strike. The zinc mine operators are intransigent despite halted production. The miners and their wives endure beatings, jail and threats of eviction. The corporation that owns the mines resides in a distant city and remains the *eminence gris.*

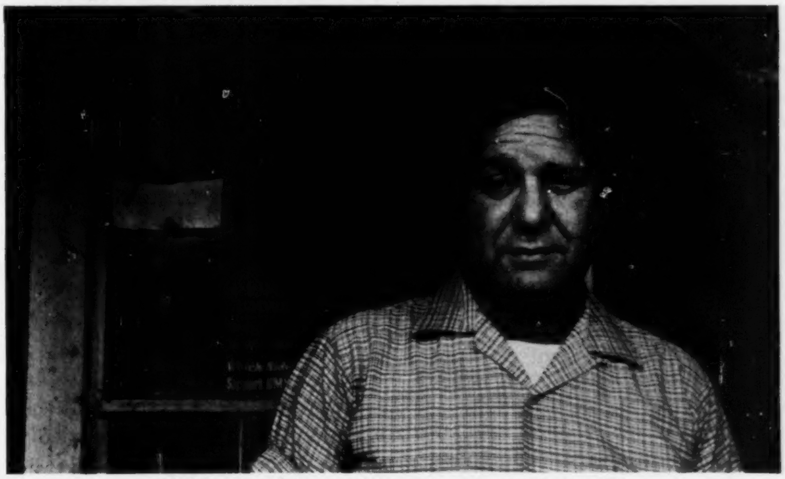
Unvarnished racism is the rule in Harlan, but the audience of about a hundred families has no trouble cheering for the zinc strikers—most of whom are Chicano. When scabs, police or management are on screen, people hoot the names of their local counterparts.

After the lights come up, a large florid woman strides to the front amidst affectionate cries of "Martha Washington." When three state troopers had dragged her off the picket site during the confrontation at Brookside last fall, she had refused to give any other name.

"I just want to tell you," she begins, "that the director and most of the actors in that movie got blacklisted. They never worked again."

For a moment the hall is silent. She stares out at the hundred mine families, and they stare back knowingly. The blacklist, a product of the Harlan strike, has become its focus.

Briefly, Martha relives the bust scene at the mine entrance. "I told 'em they could knock the shit out of them, but they'd not knock the union out of me." She pauses and grins. "When they come back again, I'm gonna tell 'em the same damn thing." ●



Striker Ray Widener: "No one's gonna get my job."

Birth without terror

By Dominique Torres

Elle, the glossy French fashion magazine, which is generally about as fiery as a stale croissant, raised a lot of eyebrows last month with an angry editorial. "Give birth in the dark?" screamed the headline. "We refuse!" Thus another bit of fuel was added to a growing controversy which is threatening to mushroom into a genuine *scandale*, and which will almost certainly soon make waves on this side of the Atlantic.

At issue is a new book by a French obstetrician, Frederick Leboyer, which advocates a revolutionary birth technique with possible dramatic overtones. In *For Birth Without Violence*, Leboyer contends–like a great many psychiatrists–that birth is about the most traumatic of human experiences. The trauma is heightened, he claims, by contemporary birth procedures: the glaring operating-room lights, the noise, the instantaneous cutting of the umbilical cord, the shaking of the newborn infant, the drops in the eyes, the cleaning of the mouth and ears. "I had participated in the births of 7,000 babies," says Leboyer, a short, white-haired, soft-spoken man, "before I realized that the first cry that everyone is so pleased to hear is actually a frightful scream of terror. Hell does not come at the end of life but at the very beginning. The newborn comes into a strange and new environment after what for him has been an agonizing struggle. He leaves a world of warmth and silence and darkness and enters one of coolness and clamor and light. No wonder he screams! And we are so alienated from nature that we smile, and take the scream as a sign of health."

A remarkable new technique from France might make for healthier infants—and adults

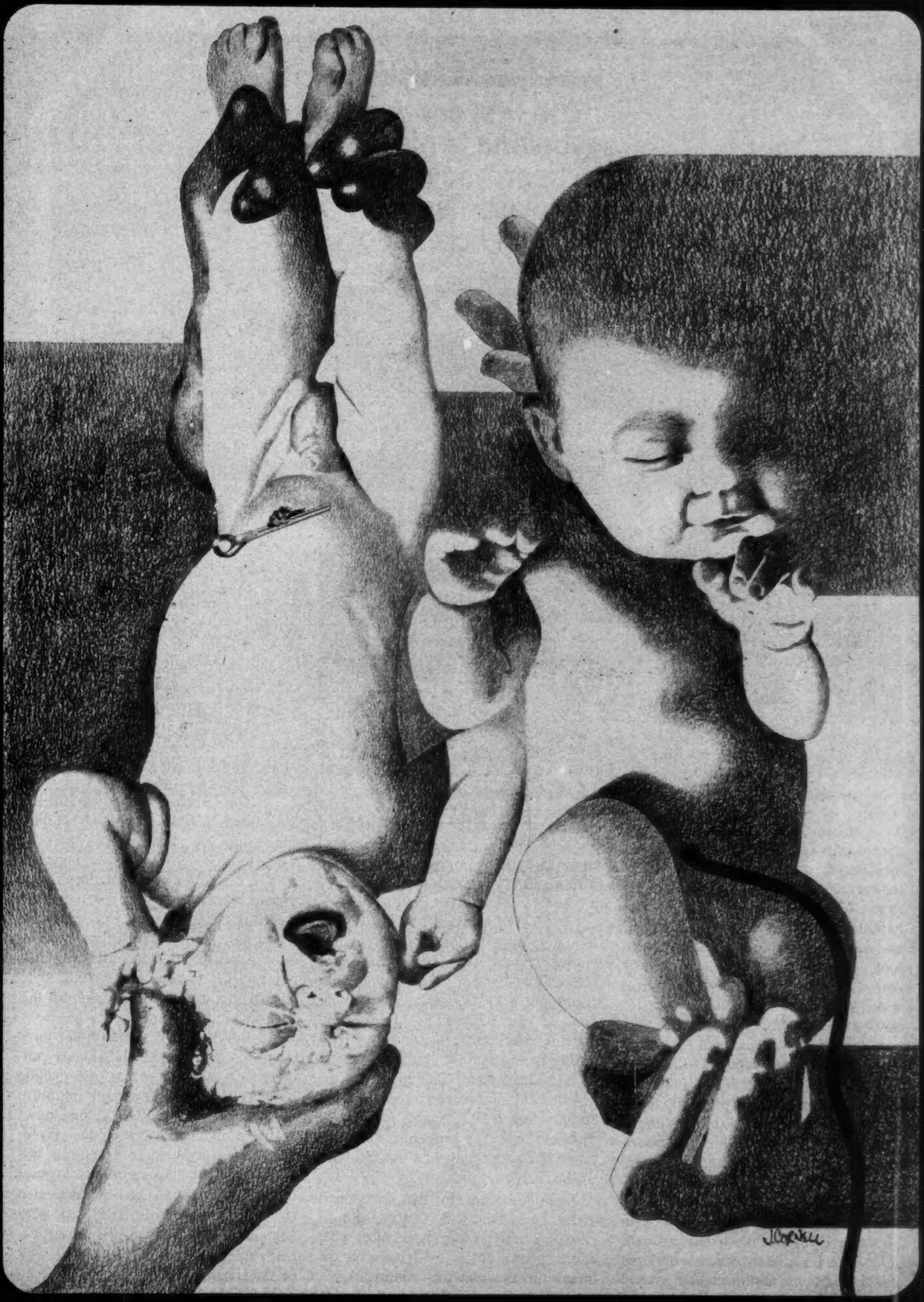
Dr. Leboyer's alternative method of performing births is staggeringly obvious. He simply eliminates those environmental factors which he sees as being upsetting to the infant. His births are performed under strictly controlled conditions; the aim, above all, is to assure the serenity of the newborn.

The doctor recently made a film of one of his "nonviolent" (or "gentle") births, and it provides a documentary record of precisely how the Leboyer method works. As soon as the baby's head becomes visible to the attending physicians, the overhead lights in the operating chamber are dimmed and voices drop to whispers. The baby is then pulled out very slowly and with very great care. Once he emerges completely, the infant is deposited on his mother's belly, where he remains while the nurse strokes him gently. (Country veterinarians do much the same thing, Leboyer points out, to soothe newborn colts.) After a few moments, the baby, on his back, unfolds his limbs like a flower opening to the sun.

About ten minutes later, after the baby has begun breathing normally, the doctor cuts his umbilical cord and deposits the child in a lukewarm bath–a comforting return to the environment from which the child has just emerged. According to Leboyer, the newborn infant–no more than 15 minutes old–actually appears to smile with pleasure in his bath. In fact, the baby in the film doesn't cry at all during the entire birth process.

Dominique Torres lives in Paris and writes for Le Monde, Le Point *and* Le Nouvel Observateur.

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF CORNELL


J.CORNELL

"The first cry that everyone is pleased to hear," says Leboyer, "is a frightful scream of terror"

Minutes-old baby on mother's stomach. The umbilical cord has not yet been cut.

When the Leboyer book and film appeared in France, the response was immediate. The method became the rage of the Parisian smart set. Chic ladies from the swank 16th arrondisement made plans to have their next child born "sans violence," and a horde of veteran obstetricians began looking into the new technique on their own. The leftist *Nouvel Observateur*, which prides itself on being a force for innovation, came out foursquare in support of the Leboyer method. *Le Monde* was enthusiastic, but cautious, as befits an institution of its power and influence. Their expert on obstetrics praised Leboyer for calling attention to the deplorable commotion that exists in birth chambers, but was dubious about the method's having a lasting impact on the child.

But tradition-minded Frenchmen and Frenchwomen recoiled at the thought of tampering with time-tested methods. *Elle* spoke for millions when it declared that a traditional birth, screaming child and all, is "blindingly beautiful, a marvelous repayment for a long wait and a hard effort." More to the point, the magazine added that "for the newborn, silence is anti-nature. When an infant does not cry it is bad. He needs to cry. He should cry."

Most of the criticism of the new technique is easily dismissed as romantic nonsense, but some of it gives pause. Opponents of "gentle birth" claim that it is a regression, that it arbitrarily discards hundreds of years of scientific advances and that, if practiced generally, it would greatly increase infant mortality. *Elle*, in its blistering attack, claimed that if the new method were adopted, it would mean 80,000 more infant deaths annually in France alone. The magazine does not, however, offer any data whatsoever to back up the charge.

Almost lost in the commotion about the method itself is a question of potentially far greater importance: what effect "gentle births" will have on the infants themselves as they mature.

Leboyer is emphatic on this point. He agrees with the legions of psychiatrists who maintain that many aggressive impulses may be traced to the terrors of birth, and he claims that babies brought into the world by his method make healthier human beings. As evidence, he points to a bulging file of letters from grateful mothers, all thanking him for having delivered such stable, well-adjusted children. "The baby you delivered," reads a typical one, "is not like my other children. She is much more serene and much calmer. She is gay, relaxed. She never seems scared of life."

No comprehensive studies—starting from infancy and featuring control groups and all the rest of it—have yet been conducted to test the method's effectiveness in creating emotionally healthy children. But Leboyer has been at it for seven years now, and potential subjects for comparative tests abound. As a matter of fact, a pair of French psychoanalysts have been digging around, and they plan to issue a report shortly.

The Leboyer method is virtually unknown in this country, though Knopf is attempting to purchase the American rights to Leboyer's book and hopes to publish it within a year. American obstetricians who learn of the technique are skeptical. Generally, they tend to dismiss it as a flashy fad—in much the same way most American doctors dismissed acupuncture a few years ago. "Well," sighs one, "I suppose it's in sync with all this back-to-nature business."

But even if a flashy fad is all it turns out to be—and the available evidence indicates that it is a lot more than that—"gentle birth" is likely to have a major impact in this country. This is, after all, the land of exorcism and the natural-foods revolution, and a great many Americans will surely jump at the opportunity to have their children's minds and bodies treated correctly right from the word goo. With any kind of luck, Frederick Leboyer will become the Dr. Spock of the '70s and a lot of American obstetricians will have to learn their business all over again. ●

Text By Brendan Boyd

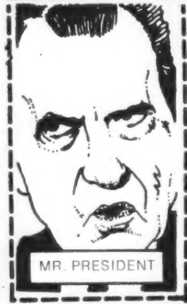
The Watergate tapes appear to be an unending source of mystery and intrigue. Every day a new gap, a sinister bleep or another missing reel is discovered. To unravel this celluloid tangle, we have devised a devilishly complex game theory—a playful antidote to our national political bewilderment. If Nixon wants to play games with us, by Jesus we're sure as hell ready to play games with him.

ERASE, the 18½-Minute Gap Game, which bears a coincidental resemblance to Clue, is a board game based on an incident in recent American history so ludicrous as to border on the phantasmagoric. It certainly requires no further introduction here. Suffice it to say that although we have our own specific suspicions regarding culpability in this matter, we leave it to the cards to reveal the ultimate shocking ending.

Remember to look for these other great Nixon Bros. Games wherever fine playthings are sold:
RISK: the Plumbers Game
SORRY: the Plea Copping Game
MONOPOLY: the Energy Crisis Game
CAREERS: the Buy an Ambassadorship Game
and of course, the always popular CHECKERS

The Nixon Bros. (Dick, Don and Ed) stand in the general vicinity of, though not necessarily behind, every game they sell.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON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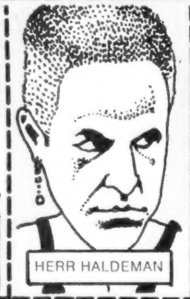
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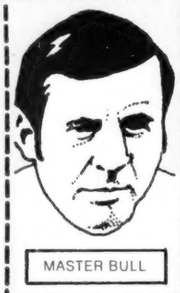
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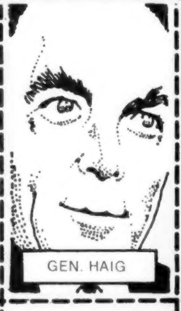

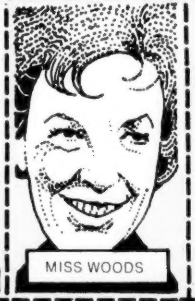

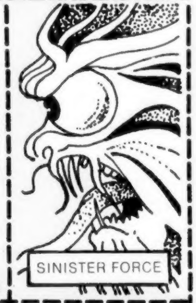
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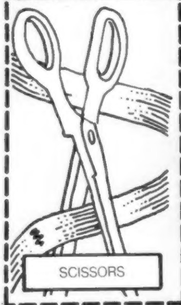

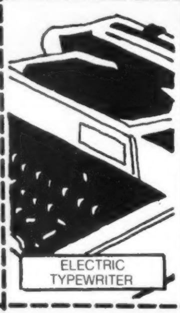
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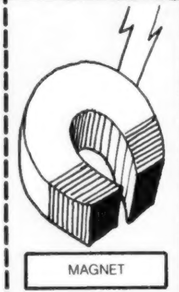

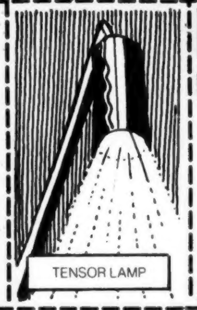
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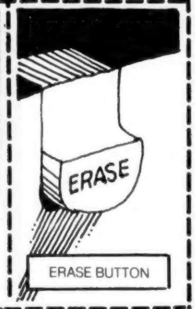
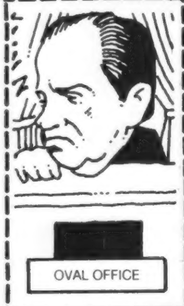

ERASE
ERASE BUTTON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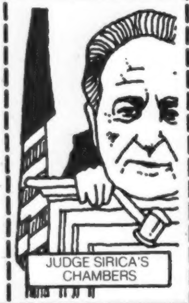
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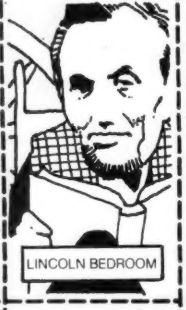
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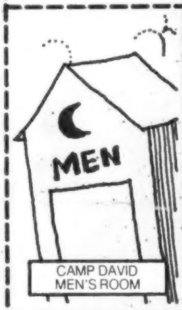
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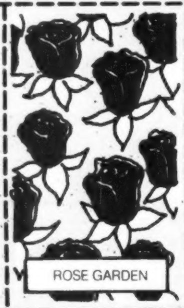
CAMP DAVID MEN'S ROOM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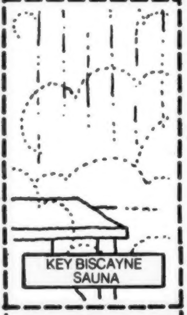
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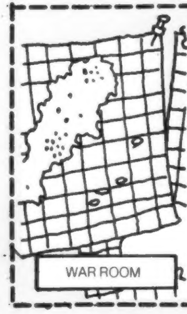


MISS WOODS OFFICE

6 CRISES
6 CRISES
SAN CLEMENTE LIBRARY

McCordamatic Junior Detective Notes

SUSPECTS						
MR. PRESIDENT						
HERR HALDEMAN						
MASTER BULL						
GEN. HAIG						
MISS WOODS						
SINISTER FORCE						
WEAPONS						
TENSOR LAMP						
ELEC. TYPEWRITER						
SCISSORS						
MAGNET						
ERASE BUTTON						
FOOT PEDAL						
ROOMS						
WAR ROOM						
OVAL OFFICE						
ROSE GARDEN						
SAN CLEMENTE LIBRARY						
SIRICA'S CHAMBERS						
KEY BISCAYNE SAUNA						
LINCOLN BEDROOM						
MISS WOODS OFFICE						
CAMP DAVID MEN'S ROOM						

TOKENS

MR. PRESIDENT	HERR HALDEMAN	MASTER BULL
GEN. HAIG	MISS WOODS	SINISTER FORCE

erase

Rules

The Object

The game is set in various Washington haunts. A subpoenaed tape has been the victim of foul play and is found in one of the rooms. The object of the game is to discover 1) Who? Which one of the suspects did it? 2) Where? In which of the Presidential rooms did the incursion transpire? 3) How? Which of the weapons depicted was used to produce the mysterious gap? The answer lies in the sealed envelope to be kept next to the board. The envelope contains three cards. One card tells who; another reveals where; and the third card discloses how. The player who first identifies the three cards in the envelope wins the game.

Equipment

The game board picturing nine possible locations of the crime. Six tokens (to be cut out and pasted on pennies) representing each of the possible suspects:

Gen. Haig, Mr. President, Miss Woods,
Herr Haldeman, Master Bull, The Sinister Force

Six weapons (to be cut out): Scissors; Tensor lamp; Electric typewriter; Foot pedal; Magnet; Erase button. The pack of 21 illustrated cards (to be cut out and pasted on something shuffable, such as an old deck of cards) includes one for each of the six suspects, one for each of the six weapons and one for each of the nine rooms.

There is also a McCordomatic Junior Detective Pad (to be cut out and duplicated).

You will have to supply your own die, however. Including one here would have made for a lumpy magazine.

Preparation

Place the playing tokens on the starting squares marked with their names. Sort the cards into three groups: Room Cards, Weapon Cards, Suspect Cards. Shuffle each group separately. Take the top card from each and place it in the envelope. Shuffle the remaining cards together and deal. Some players may receive more cards than others. Each player should take care that no other player sees his cards. Roll the die for choice of tokens and moving order.

Movement of Tokens

Players move their tokens on the squares according to the throw of the die. Tokens can move forward, backward, crosswise, but never diagonally. There are three ways of entering a room: 1) rolling the die and moving through the doorway; 2) via the Secret Passages without using the die; 3) and by means of another player's Smear (to be explained later). There is a fourth method—known as the Liddy variation, which involves burglar tools and secret Mexican rendezvous—but this is such a complicated gambit that it is rarely, if ever, used. On throwing the die, players may enter rooms by the door only and cannot leave a room on the same turn. Entering the room ends the move. It is not necessary to throw the exact number to enter a room.

The Smear

A player moving into a room must make a Smear—naming a suspect, weapon and the room into which he has moved. The token of the suspect named is brought into the same room to face the Smearer. No player may forfeit a turn to remain in a room.

Proving the Smear True or False

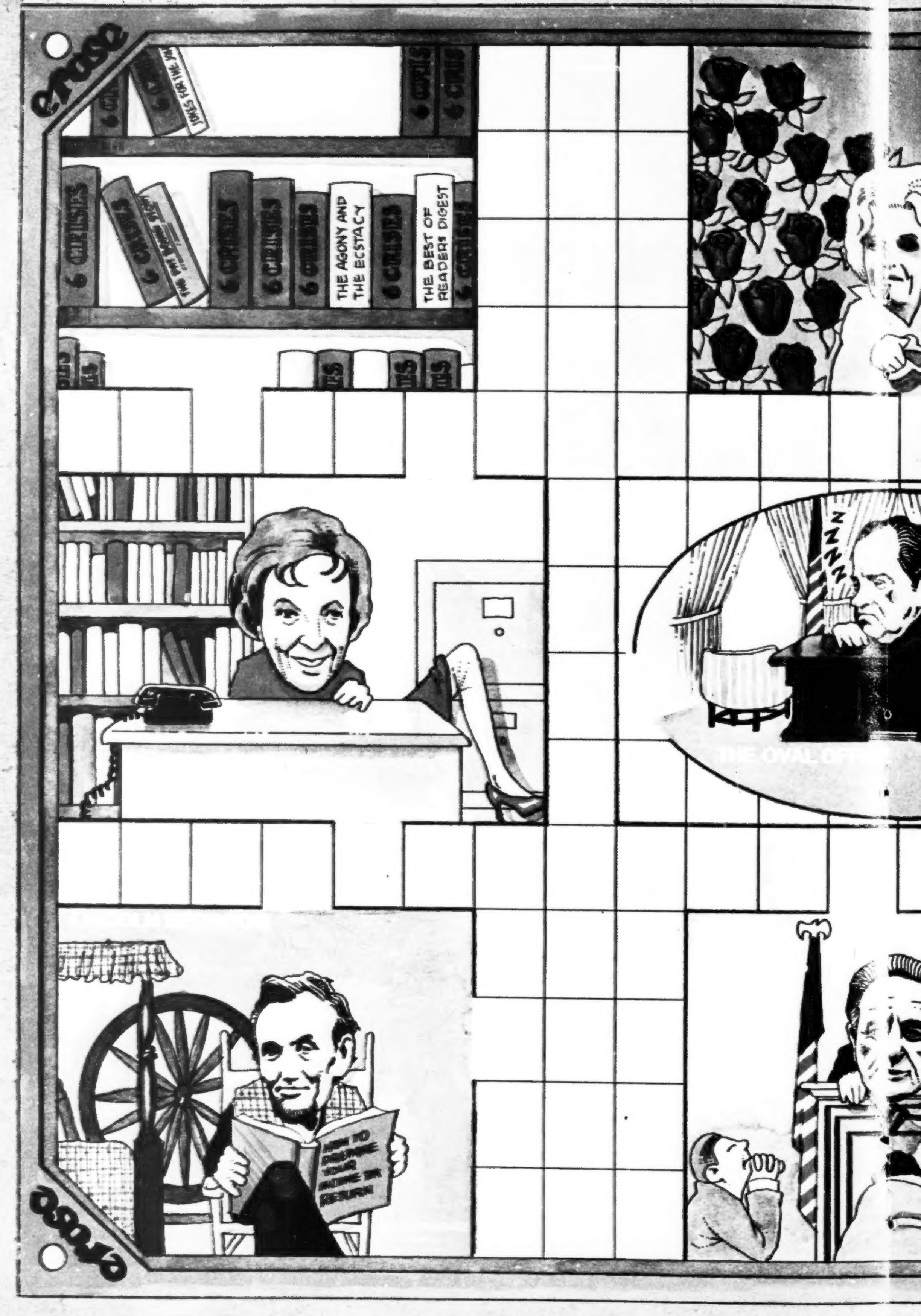
When a Smear is made, the player to the left of the Smearer examines his cards to see if he is able to disprove the Smear. To do this he must hold one or more of the cards named. If he does, he must show *one only* to the player making the Smear. A player having more than one card may show whichever he wishes, but only one. This must be done in a surreptitious manner, without the other players seeing the card shown. If any player holds one of the cards named in the Smear, it proves that the card is not in the envelope. Therefore, when a card is shown to the Smearer, one count of the Smear has been proved false and he may make a note of this on his McCordomatic Junior Detective Pad. If the player to the left of the Smearer does not have any of the three cards, he says so and the player at *his* left must show one if he has it. The opportunity to prove the Smear false passes to the left until some player has shown a card to the Smearer, whose turn then ends, and play passes to the next player.

The Indictment

If no one disproves the Smear, the player may either pass or make an Indictment—naming the three cards he believes to be in the envelope. Contrary to the rules for making a Smear, a player may make an Indictment from any room, whether or not it is the room he includes in his Indictment. If the player finds in the envelope the cards he named, he is the winner. If he does not, he is declared Nolo Contendere, must stand up and shout, "Mr. President, I'm afraid I've made a terrible mistake," and is required to return the cards to the envelope. He has no further moves, cannot win, but is allowed to remain as a player to contradict with his own cards the Smears made by others. A player may make only one Indictment during a game.

Miscellaneous Notes

A player may make only one Smear after entering a room, and may not make another until entering another room or else, using at least two turns, leaving and reentering the same room. If a token is moved into a room by a Smear, the player whose token it is may, on his next turn, make a Smear from that room. He need not throw the die or move his token. ●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THE OVAL OFF
HOW TO PREPARE YOUR INCOME TAX RETURN
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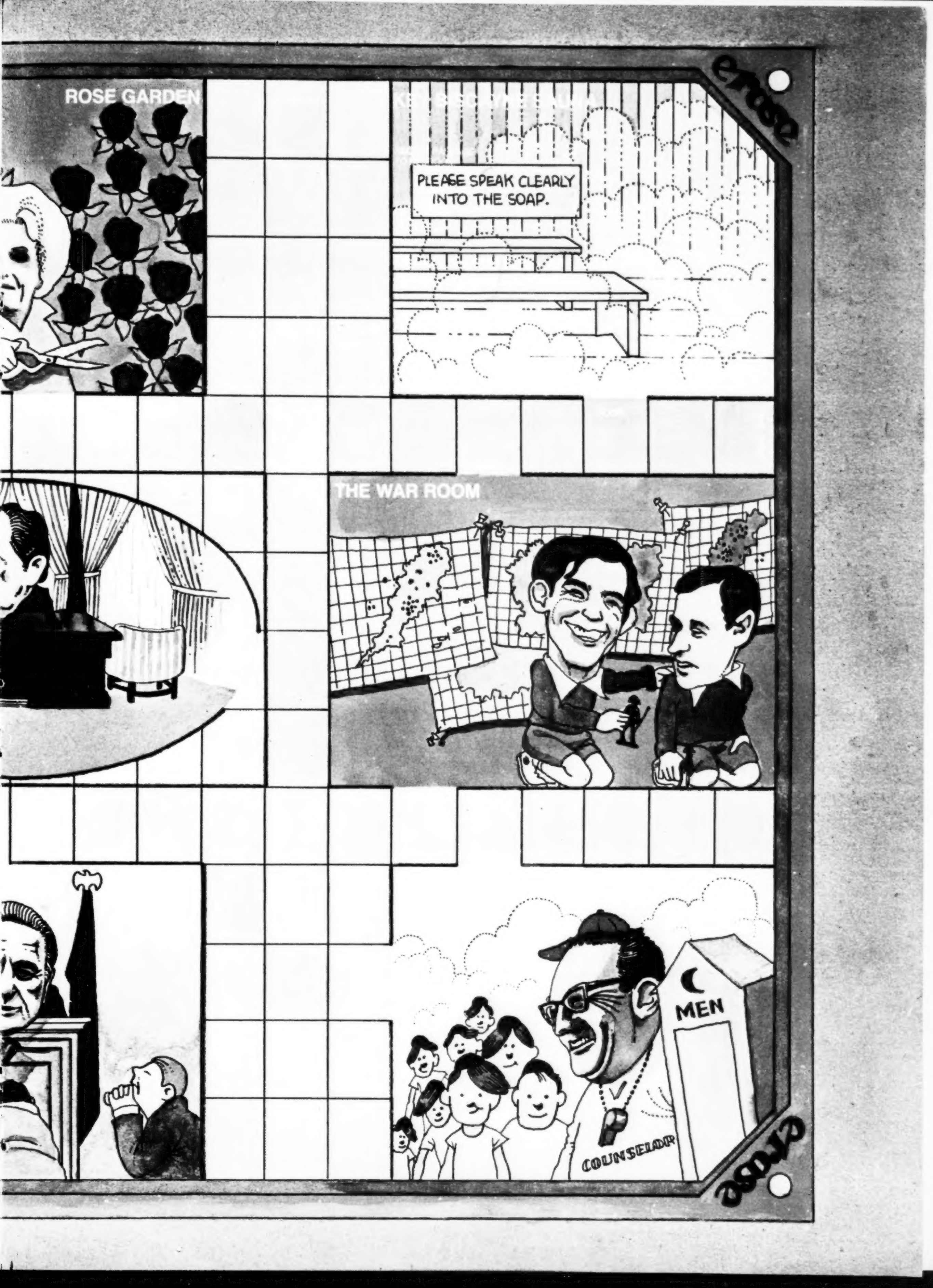

Cross
ROSE GARDEN
PLEASE SPEAK CLEARLY INTO THE SOAP.
THE WAR ROOM
MEN
COUNSELOR
Cross

these are new times

Bisexuality is not just a sometime thing in New York—it's organized, gilt-edged and supercharged

Decadence by invitation only

By Johnny Greene

They stand five abreast waiting to slip through the dark portal, onto the dance floor. Look alike groups, cliques, pause together, full of anticipation. A tall and elegant boy waits beside a girl. He wears a coat and tie, she an evening gown. Next to them, holding hands, are two young boys in black leather jackets, jeans and work boots. Simultaneously, they go suck, pop, through the crowd, into the darkness of the discotheque.

A wheel light, spinning pink, blue, green and white, fans the entrance. The floor is of red tile. To the left, near the coatcheck counter, a sign says, "This Room Available For Private Parties." Down the left wall is a bird cage, painted white. An artificial parrot is inside it.

The beautiful, elegant boy moves onto the dance floor. His face is painted green and then blue and then bronze by the lights. Moog synthesizers grind out the first chords of the song "Honey Bee," which then is followed by "Smarty Pants." All lights are cut except the strobe, and the boy is left in suspension—his movements cut in half, as if he were trapped in slow-motion.

The dance floor is smashed with people and there is no room to turn. A guy with long red hair, a red beard and a red dress, with sequins stuck beneath eyes that are encircled by dark black streaks, dances a solo minuet, his arms trailing above his head. The whole place smacks of self-indulgence and you can taste it.

Two men, each stripped to the waist, pass a silver vial of amyl nitrite back and forth. A woman wearing a flowing red dress lifts the train and dances with it in her hand, showing fat thighs.

The disc jockey bounces up and down in time with the music, hitting the light switches. The lights flash. The whole place fairly reverberates—rocking and rollicking as if it were the seventh level of Dante's Hell.

—LeJardin, "discotheque
pour monsieurs,"
Manhattan, March 23, 1974

It's a wet, fetid Friday afternoon in New York City. Don Fass, 30, the head of Generation One/Bi-Lib—a national coalition of activist bisexual groups—and two of his friends are getting ready for a party. They are unscrewing all the white light bulbs in the old warped sconces along the walls of the room they've rented and they're replacing them with red, blue and green lights.

"I dig the right atmosphere for this kind of thing," says Don, as he sets up a strobe light in a corner and adjusts the portable record player he has brought along. Another guy unloads bottles of liquor onto a table for a bar.

Don and his friends are transforming the room—a large meeting hall in the tawdry Beach Hotel at 74th Street and Broadway—into a discotheque for the organization's monthly party, billed as a "Bisexual Liberation Movement Dance."

A lithe, dark-haired girl comes into the room and perches on a table top near the door. She announces, almost immediately, that she was thrown out of undergraduate school for having had a sexual relationship with another woman.

"I just told them to get fucked," she says, and adds, "I'm a lesbian, you see."

The door opens and one of the elderly women residents of the hotel peeps in rather sheepishly and asks why all the lights are blinking.

"It's just a party for perverts," the lesbian shouts, then cackles, "Come on in, sister."

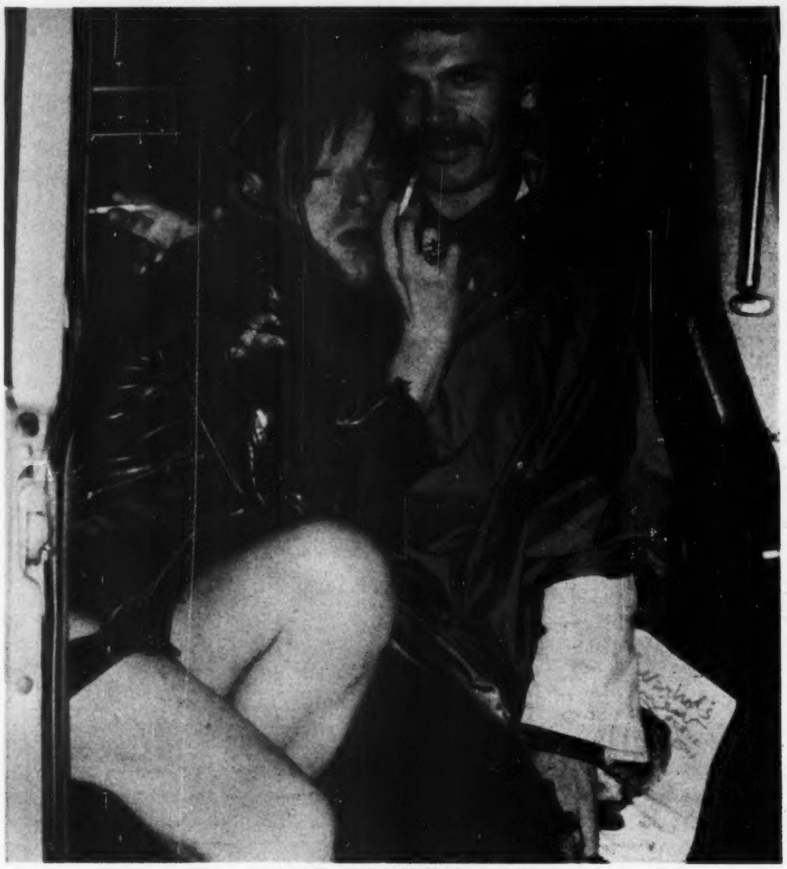
"I never heard of such in all my life," the woman mutters, and leaves quickly.

I have heard of such. On the heels of male and female gay liberationists who have left their closets burning behind them, bisexuals are now taking their own plunge. In small towns and cities that are behind New York—at least in terms of time zones—bisexuality is already running its course through the '70s. Don Fass' group at the Beacon Hotel is only one small part of that movement. However, the Bisexual Liberation Movement Dance, where I started my adventure in Manhattan's new-style erotic night life, is the first place I've seen bisexuality *organized*—planned, as if it were ever something more than just a good, spontaneous

New York's Colony: on the verge of becoming totally unplugged.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTON PERICH



Jackie Curtis, a Warhol person,
arrives at Max's Kansas City with French actor Guy Heron.

fuck between any two people who decide to get together.

"I've been bisexual since March, 1972," says Don. At 5′ 7½″ he looks a bit like Napoleon Bonaparte, has a black beard and moustache, a cocky swagger in his hips. "I set up my first experience with another male. I'd always had fantasies about other men but never acted on them. So I decided to go out and explore men."

Since he's been exploring other men, Don reports, his sexual life has improved.

"I'm having sex ten times more now then I used to," he says. "Sometimes I have it as often as five different times on the same day."

My mind reels. I watch the room at the hotel as it begins to fill up and I wonder just exactly what these people are into—whether the new bisexuality is just the old promiscuity gone public and open, or whether these people are intent on organizing to free themselves sexually from the restraints society has put on them. Right now, from the rather remorseless talk that's going on, there doesn't seem much difference in Bisexual Liberation and good old-fashioned hedonism. And the whole thing is rambling along lickety-split like an oversexed choo-choo train making a dozen local stops on the living-room carpet.

"That little son of a bitch," someone else says, referring to a kid who attended the first dance. "He kept running around telling everyone he couldn't have sex with people he didn't know. Then he spent the whole night in the closets with five and six guys at a time."

Momentarily, my imagination dances a sexual tango. Verbally, at least, this is the most liberated group I've encountered since undergraduate bull sessions. Everything is hot and ripe in front of me, like a big watermelon patch that's fit to be raided.

A stocky, muscular guy sits across from me in the group. He is leaning against a woman who has just returned from dancing with another woman; leaning against him is a somewhat fey, frail-looking guy. Another woman puts her hand on my kneecap and begins to talk in a rather free-association, stream-of-consciousness fashion about her own sex life.

I have never seen a "liberation" group conduct itself like this before, and I've been in at least a hundred. I try to figure out if sitting-in or marching in the civil rights and peace movements has anything in common with their brand of activism. But all we ever did was hold hands and sing. In this room—collected, safe and liberated, if only momentarily, from the outside world—a strong, hot shaft of unspent emotions is coming loose from each of these people. I sense that no one has come here to share his or her sexual experiences, just verbally, with the others.

"Let's have some group interaction, Don," says a guy with glasses, curly hair and an open-front shirt. "Let's get something going."

A tall, skinny man in bluejeans and a bluejean jacket has been sitting in the chair next to me and I became aware for the first time that he is rubbing his leg against mine and that his face is familiar. Just as I begin to think, "Oh dear Lord, some old friend is gonna explain to me, now, the tortures of coming out of his closet," I realize who he is. He was at the door when I came in and he's been on my heels all night, hot to trot.

I stand and cross the bar and he follows, I move to the record player and he follows, I introduce myself to a couple of people and he sticks next to me, like a shroud.

"What the hell?" I ask myself, shrug my shoulders, grab him, kiss him full and hard on the mouth and whisper, "Later."

He moves away, leaves me alone, and I return to the group.

A blond-haired girl in a T-shirt and jeans is talking to Don. When she goes to the dance floor, he tells me about her.

"She wanted to move in and be my roommate. She said she could dig making it with me quite frequently or she could dig watching me making it with other men if I'd invite her to join. And she said she'd really get off if I watched her making it with other women and that she'd invite me to join. I told her, 'No thanks, I'd never get out of bed.' "

I am beginning to wonder if anybody in this group ever does get out of bed—where and how they do practice their bisexual liberation—when Don says, "I'm really not promiscuous, in the old sense, you know."

I look about at the group and nod my head in agreement. "Yes," I answer. "We certainly need to redefine promiscuity."

"I have a lot of different relationships with people going on," says Don. "But each of the relationships is on a different level—more and more of my sex partners are people I relate with also in other ways, with whom I've had sex more than once or twice. I'm not into quickie sex. I've been in three-ways with two other men, two women and a man and a woman. But a three-way that actually works out and that I enjoy usually only comes off once every second week or so."

People in the circle are beginning to tell one another how and why they care about each other. It is only around 10, 10:30, but I am picking up on the group, understanding it. They've come here to talk with one another, to find through their rapping someone with whom to go home. Momentarily, I feel worse than a racist, a sexist or an agist must ever feel—I realize that the majority of these people are not physically attractive, that in a gay or swingers' bar their luck would not run as fast as their tongues are running tonight. A regular orgy of talk is surrounding me—a total and complete exaggeration of sexual experience with which none of these people quite knows how to deal. And as in every movement group I've ever known, this one is going through the initial stages not only of finding out what it is really all about, but learning to deal with that.

And it only knows how to do so in sexual-cliche terms. A great deal of gay-bar-style cruising and picking up is in progress. There are many more men here than women—and the men seem generally to be gay and the women to be gay, also. I am beginning to see now what it was that I found disconcerting when I first arrived. The bisexual aspect of this place is a contrivance—just another way to describe the co-mingling of gay males and gay females. There is no standard definition that works which can be applied to bisexuality; I guess I had expected to find a great many people who were really ripe for getting into one another in the terms I best understood—a heterosexual group-grope with it all hanging out. But the men here seem only interested in other men, the women in other women, and the twain only meet in a brotherly-sisterly—mother-son, father-daughter—manner on the dance floor. While I know my disappointment is just academic, I repress the desire I have to take one of the women and two of the guys and sandwich them together—in the most literal bisexual fashion I can imagine—and tell them to go off into the strobe lights and screw.

It's Saturday night at the Colony. "Touch Dancing" is in progress at the restaurant that was once the sterile haunt of Manhattan's equally sterile cafe society. Crystal chandeliers, white damask tablecloths, red velvet and the old striped tent are all that's left of the odor of perfumed decadence. Cloaked in sullen pomposity and arrogance, the Colony's on the verge of being totally unplugged and unglued—should I say liberated?

I sit in one of the old red banquettes, next to a 65-year-old woman who's smoking a joint and telling me how bored she is with everything. Across from us are three guys—all wearing dark jackets, white shirts and ties—who are playing tease-tease kissy-face with one another. Swirling around us on the dance floor are all the kicky, young, talented and artistic kids who have occupied the Colony and claimed it for their new motherland. Some of them wear unisexual jump suits, others are in tuxedos. Deciding who's male and who's female is ridiculous—it doesn't matter here. Bisexual decadence at the Colony is the most self-confident I've seen. And it's decadence by invitation only. No cruise and pick-up scene, the Colony. The only things people leave this place with are calling cards with hastily scratched telephone numbers written on them.

"Touch Dancing" means that one holds onto one's partner—male, female or whatever—while one is dancing. They do it rather well at the Colony. In fact, they do it every time I'm there.

I go to the Jacques Bellini party and stand at the bar with a group of Colony regulars. Tall glass doors separate the piano bar from the foyer, and as we stand, I can see all the undifferentiated sexes go by. A tall, sultry black woman slinks up, wearing an evening gown.

"She has a rather deep voice," someone says, as the woman leaves.

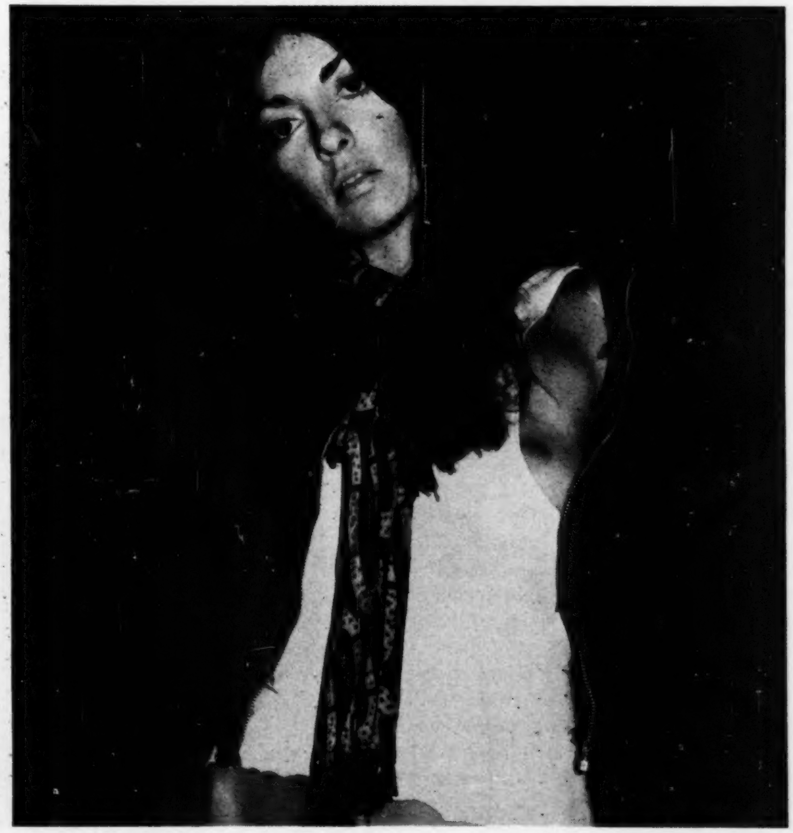
"Yes," a woman answers, "and she's got balls to scratch when she gets up in the morning, also."

I watch the transvestite walk away. She/Him/It stops at the doors and embraces several young men, all of whom look like F. Scott Fitzgerald with a touch of Zelda around their lips. Asking for champagne, which is not available, a young girl in a dark green dress comes to the bar and then pouts for a second. She has gold glitter stuck all over her face. "These bastards," she says, in a Cockney British accent. "The least they could do is keep champagne around for the ladies."

We move to the rear of the larger room, where the party is super-charged now. A disc jockey sits at his turntables, swapping current rock songs with tunes from the '30s, '40s and '50s. Couples Touch Dance around us. Waiters stand blithely to the side, wearing white gloves and holding silver trays, watching suspiciously as the occasionally errant elbows send their trays spiraling toward the chandeliers.

We stand with a group that includes a famous male artist, a guy who is perennially on the list of the world's ten-

A bystander at Max's Kansas City.



best dressed men, several designers and writers and an ambiguously floating Prince. Their names are always in the papers. As the music gets louder and more intense, the group begins to dance—Touch Dance—with one another, rather self-consciously at first. Then as if on some unheard signal, they all come tumbling down on top of one another. Right smack in the middle is a tall, blond boy with large, kissable lips. He wears a green and gold cravat. The two girls with whom he came stand to the side while he dances with the guys. Then they begin to dance, together.

If the Colony represents the establishment of bisexuality in traditional terms, Le Jardin discotheque represents it in the full wild throes of wanton willfulness. Cool, aloof and permissive—not only does anything go at Le Jardin, anything is expected to go.

A mad, wild strip is in session when I get there. A guy stripped down to a pair of bikini underwear and zonked to his gills with poppers—amyl nitrite—is ripping the dress off a girl he is dancing with and a large crowd is standing around them, applauding. The dance floor is packed with couples, trios, foursomes and groups—all hanging onto one another and doing a bisexual high-step to the disc jockey's music.

"We're very decadent, you know," a bored-looking young man says to me. "It's mild tonight compared to what it was last summer when we were all pretty much down to flesh."

I look at the young man and the woman's torn blouse he holds triumphantly in his hand, as if he had just come out of a tribal ritual. Two boys wearing women's clothes walk past on platform shoes that are covered with gold glitter. Specks of the glitter trail on the floor behind them as they walk. Their faces are painted with rouge and lipstick and eye makeup.

"But if we weren't decadent, we'd be something else," the young man says, almost with a sigh, and I look at him and cannot help laughing in his face. He walks away, insulted, with a decadent huff. I want to tell him that at fraternity parties in the South it was a general trend in the late '50s-early '60s for guys to emerge victorious from the dance floor with a girl's blouse and that his decadence is, finally, old hat. But Le Jardin is *the* bisexual scene for that kid and the thousands of others who crawl into the discotheque on weekends.

"It started out appealing to the homosexual crowd," says Larry Barcher, interior decorator of Le Jardin. "But homosexuality is so accepted today that it's almost considered chic. The homosexual is more avant-garde than the average heterosexual in fashion, music and decor. Besides, it's such an open world today that I think everyone wants to mix."

Men make out with men along the couches, women make out with women, and men and women make out with one another. On one couch two men make out, simultaneously, with a woman who has a hand over each of their crotches. They mix rather well at Le Jardin.

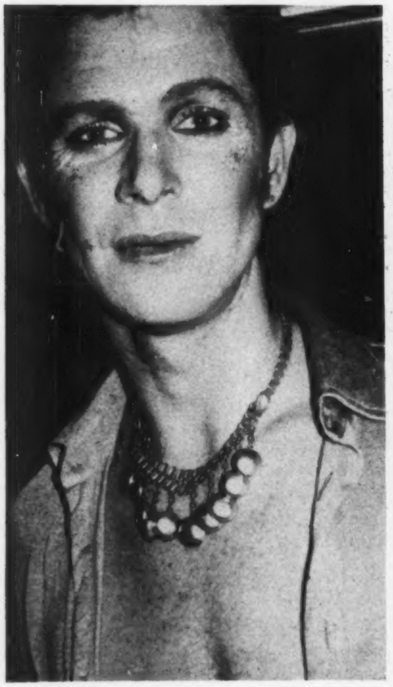
Le Jardin's only rival is Max's Kansas City—the hangout for the leftover rock-and-roll addicts of the '60s, the balding hippies who can't get out of their Levis.

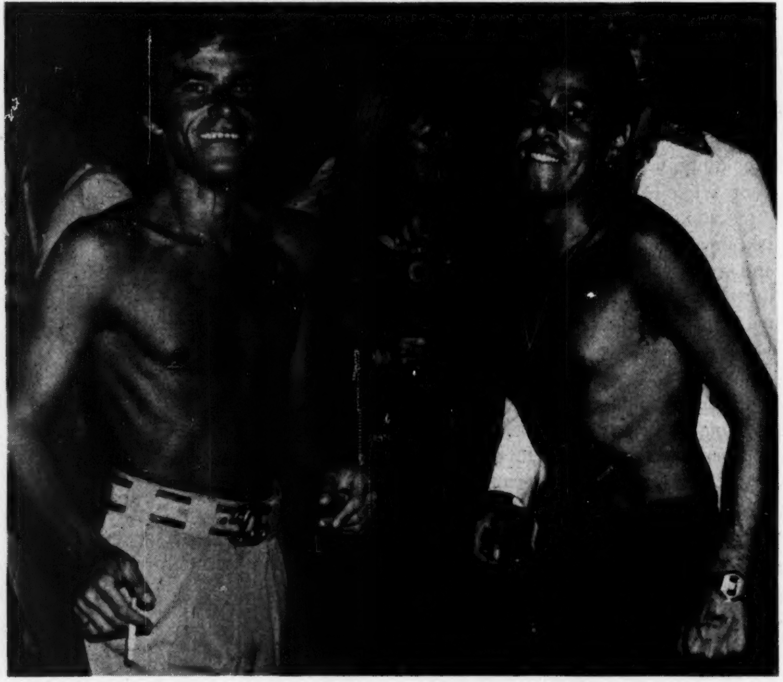
Robert is a 25-year-old regular at Max's. "It's a sexual kind of cool around here," he says. "You can be heterosexual, homosexual or hermaphrodite; it doesn't really matter. It's far from a gay bar, far from a swinging singles' hangout—and at the moment it's going through a whole glitter rock trip. It's very possible and easy to score somebody here: if you think a boy is pretty, you go after him; if you think a girl is pretty, you go after her; if you think a doorknob is pretty, you go after it. Nobody gives a shit."

We sit with a large group in the back room of Max's. The Hell's Angels have just disrupted everything and caused a great furor of flying stacked heels; guys with eye makeup and girls wearing boots and aviator glasses have scurried for cover. Through the din, Robert continues talking.

"One person looks gay and he's straight as an arrow. Another looks straight and maybe he's got on seven-inch wedgies and a G-string covered with glitter. We dig the theater of the immediate around here. If it moves, fondle it."

It's air-conditioned in the theater of the immediate.





We leave Max's and walk four blocks to Park Avenue and 24th Street—to a private party in swing at Eric Emerson's loft. Emerson is a former Andy Warhol superstar from *Lonesome Cowboys*. Boys are dancing with boys, girls with girls, boys and girls together.

"Everybody's always cruising everybody else all the time because there's a lot of very good-looking, beautiful people around and you're made aware of it by people's costumes," says Robert, as he points to Emerson's gold-lamé trousers and stacked heels. "Don't you sit in the subway all day long and imagine what even the most horrendous beasts look like in the nude?"

I don't have a chance to tell him that I don't sit around wondering what people look like in the buff because three guys I've met at the Colony have come into the party and they are all hanging onto one another and, drunk and giggly, fall down on top of themselves.

We return to Max's and Robert says, "The new bisexuality is like the hula hoop."

Wayne County, who is from Dallas, Georgia, and who has long blond hair, red-painted fingernails and heavy face makeup, sits with us. He has a rock-and-roll show which includes a lot of drag, he says. When he leaves, one of the girls at the table looks up and tells me, "Wayne's way over the edge."

I ask her what she means.

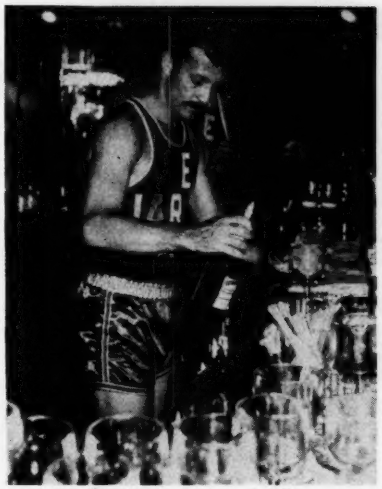
"Just open your eyes and look around," she says. "Here are all of these lower-middle-class kids who sort of sublimated themselves to the idea that they're the children of the damned—all of them chew gum."

I tell her I'm confused and she nods her head.

"At the very end of the evening," she explains, "you just grab the wrist of the one you want to go home with. The rest of the time is sort of spent. . . speculating."

It is Sunday night in Don Fass' apartment. Five of us—all males—have gathered for one of Don's Sunday night consciousness-raising groups. One of the guys asks for an awareness exercise and Don pairs us off, putting me in front of a guy who has a handlebar moustache. We sit cross-legged on the floor, facing one another.

"I want you to get in touch with your bodies," says Don, and I look around the room. The other guys have backed out and are sitting watching us. I try to get in touch with my body, but one of my legs has gone to sleep from sitting on it on the floor and, just as it's waking up, the doorbell rings and I have to start all over again.



Bartenders at Le Jardin dress like basketball players.

"I want you to think about your own bodies," says Don, returning from the door, so I close my eyes and reroute my concentration back down my spine to the leg that's asleep.

"Now I want you to look at one another and get in touch with each other without saying anything."

The guy makes his handlebar moustache quiver. If I knew how to wiggle my ears, I would. The only thing I can do is stare, as hard as I can, straight in front of me. Then, as I am about to hypnotize myself looking at a mole on the guy's forehead, Don gives us a new set of instructions.

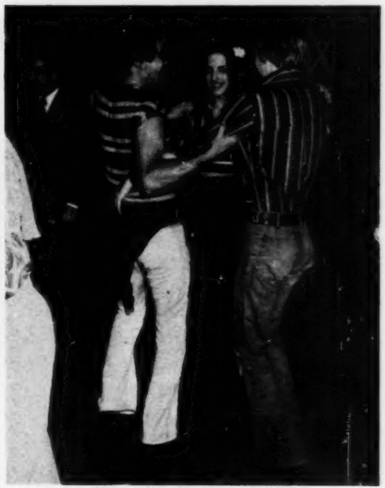
"I want you to close your eyes and *fantasize* about your partner," says Don. I open my eyes and look at the guy. His moustache has stopped quivering and he seems to be in prayer. Feeling irreverent, I close my eyes and decide that he wouldn't be bad to have a cup of coffee with in the Horn and Hardart's on 57th Street where all the street crazies hang out.

As I'm enjoying a daydream about the street crazies, Don says, "Now tell us about your fantasies."

The guy with the moustache says he had a sexual fantasy about me and then he stares into my crotch. He wiggles his moustache again and I swallow, gulp.

The best way to deal with this madness, I decide, is to join it.

"I had a hot sexual fantasy," I say, and proceed to tell them in the same free-associative manner in which the woman at the bi-lib dance told me of her sex life anything and everything that comes into my head.



Three's never a crowd.

The next meeting I attend, the Thursday night group, is coeducational and bisexual. One of the girls says, "Straight men come up to me and ask me to ball. They seem to think that just because I'm bisexual I spend all my time screwing anything and everything that comes along. I tell them to go fuck themselves."

"The public is ready now for bisexuality," says Don. "They've been educated by movies and television and books."

I agree with him, know in fact that he's right. Even if the new bisexuality is only the old promiscuity gone public, at least gay guys and women—like these bisexuals—are telling the public something very important, just by coming out of their closets and being seen with one another. Very simply, they're saying, "If my being gay gives you a problem—then it's your problem, and not mine."

Later on, I am at The Gallery, an after-hours dance bar in lower Manhattan. Once again, males are dancing with males, females with females, and the whole vibrant unisexual range is playing itself out on the dance floor . . . . But as we lay on the mattress-style couches and watch the scene, I find something I've seen rarely, only once or twice to be exact, at The Colony, Le Jardin and Max's. The kids in The Gallery are having fun with one another, they are laughing naturally and unself-consciously as they dance and enjoy one another.

A tall kid wearing a low, flat, beige cap with a short bill jumps and sails unpretentiously through the other dancers. No one watches him. He dances with a rhythm that's fresh and potent—not a tango, a waltz, a foxtrot or a frug, but steps that are his own coordinated and unsystematic stomp on top of an old, dying order. He turns from the waist up, his legs stationary, his arms outstretched, as if calling us onto the dance floor.

I join him and the others, and, as I do, I notice an awkwardly lettered sign on the wall just above the disc jockey's booth. The sign says: "Welcome Home." ●

The Army spy who is still in the cold

Waukegan, Ill.—It's an icy Lake Michigan night and the bar patrons double in number. Two men and a woman, outfitted in tightly trimmed snowmobile suits, enter and order a shot and a beer. Bartender John O'Brien scoops up a tip. "Hey, Jack," a businessman shouts at O'Brien, "how about another Scotch?"

Three years ago John O'Brien wrote Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina to reveal that as an Army intelligence agent, he had overstepped his legal boundaries to conduct surreptitious spying on civilians engaged in political and social activities, including a few of Illinois' top politicians.

O'Brien's disclosures made front-page headlines in the New York *Times* and touched off an explosion of protest, a new round of military denials and more ammunition for Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights.

As the subcommittee continued its probe, Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert F. Froehlke admitted that the Army had secret files on 25 million Americans from all walks of life—material that delved into personal, professional, financial and sexual backgrounds. The Army said it had destroyed the records and discontinued its activity. Yet the damage was done. And the Army did not forget John O'Brien.

Ever since O'Brien got out of the Army, he hasn't been able to do what he wants to do, what he has been trained to do, and that's to be a cop. He has applied for 50 law-enforcement jobs and so far no one has taken him up. Ordinarily, for a man of his background—more than two years as a special agent for Army intelligence—the transition into a civilian law-enforcement career is about as smooth as an Air Force pilot's switch to a commercial airline. But O'Brien's case is special—he's been blackballed.

"There is a letter in my military No. 201 [personnel] file written on the stationery of the office of the secretary of the Army that does everything but call me a queer," O'Brien contends. "It labels me as being incompetent, having mental problems and more. The letter is given to employers seeking my background."

The Army predictably scoffs at such charges. Lt. Col. Roderic Kennedy at Ft. Meade, Maryland, the individual to whom others divert questions about O'Brien, says the Army only verifies a man's service record and can't do more. "It's Army regulations," says Kennedy. Most recently, O'Brien was turned down by the Illinois Bureau of Investigation, the state's neophyte anti-corruption unit, as well as his home county sheriff's department.

O'Brien made one more appearance at the Chicago Seven contempt of court trial last November to tell how he had spied on the defendants during the original trial. But like Serpico, the New York cop who came close to getting killed after exposing the corruption in the city police department, O'Brien was forgotten and left to fend for himself as soon as the politicians turned off the lights.

"All I want to be is a cop," O'Brien says. "When I wrote the letter to Ervin I had only one concern and that was to end the activity. And today, I have but one concern and that is to attain a position in law enforcement so I can pursue my chosen profession. Just a simple job as a police officer in some community. Nothing more."

"Hey Jack!!" the businessman bellows again. "What happened to that Scotch?" **—By Bill Choyke**

The Big Brother ad campaign

Tesuque, New Mexico—All of a sudden this big eye started staring at me out of my TV screen. A test pattern? An eyewash commercial? No—the eye clicked, with that unmistakable clunk of a Nikon shutter. Okay, then, a teaser ad, for some horror show perhaps? Right! A horror show commercial—for the one we're all living in.

Out here you ordinarily don't need the Sominex ads to help you get to sleep. Old *Bonanza* reruns, goof-off newscasters and the endless whine of cowboy music conspire with all that landscape and sunshine to mute the boom of even the most shocking cataclysms in far-off Washington and beyond. But, starting with that clicking eye, we New Mexicans have had our equanimities clouded by an ad campaign straight out of Orwell or Kafka, unsettling and haunting as a Magritte painting.

The eye started asking questions: "Is something wrong?" it wanted to know. "How many people know your bank balance? Are you locked in a record prison? Are you being watched?" On subsequent days the eye turned into the Great Seal of the U.S. A third TV spot showed a young girl— just as silent as the eye had been at first—solemnly staring out at us, wearing around her neck, like a prisoner in a precinct house mug shot, a social security number. Driving down I-25 to Albuquerque, I was startled to see the same girl, and the same eye, staring at me again—this time from huge 24-sheet billboards along the road. A third commercial showed a computer card, punched with tiny keyholes. A fourth showed this white rat sniffing his way through a maze—with Beethoven for background music and a brief segue to a traffic scene—to his piece of cheese. A fifth showed a girl aimlessly bouncing a ball while a voice-over whispered: "behavior control . . . mood-changing drugs . . . Law Enforcement Assistance Administration . . . paranoia . . . enemy list . . . wiretap . . . data banks . . . dossiers . . . medical records . . . social security number . . . credit records . . . national security." Another depicted a game of Red Rover, with the theme music, "Getting to Know You," becoming as chilling as Alex's "Singin' in the Rain" in *A Clockwork Orange*. The camera clicked on each child, and a social security number appeared like black magic around his neck.

Whatever was going on, there seemed to be no getting away from it: eight different spots were running some 500 times; those eyes and haunting kids were staring at you from newspaper pages; the radio carried strange queeping computer noises. Then some guy started talking on my TV screen and his head turned into a TV set, a 38-page newspaper supplement appeared and talk shows began, and while the anxiety level didn't drop much, things became clearer: the New Mexico Civil Liberties Union had launched a saturation campaign to alert me and the rest of New Mexico to privacy.

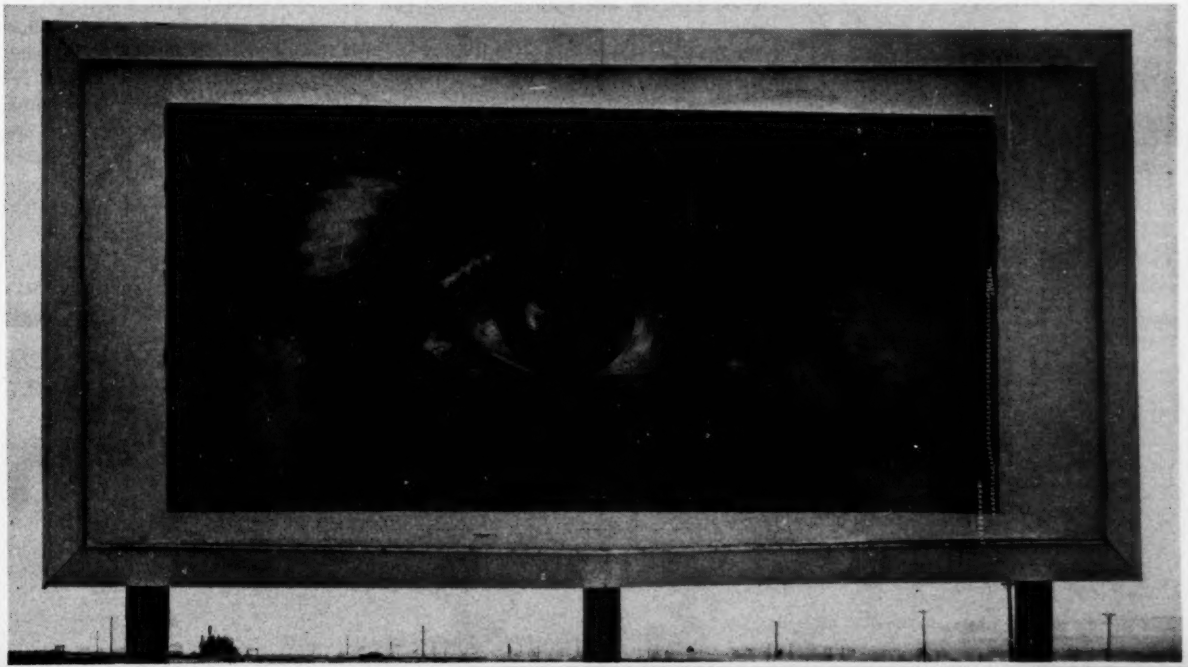
The supplement ticked off a paranoid's litany of plagues, from psycho-surgery to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration's massive grants to school use of drugs on pupils (15 percent of Omaha's 70,000 kids). Old stuff like wiretaps, bank snooping and a startling list of 54 kinds of records that somebody, somewhere, is likely to be keeping on us.

Celebs like Barry Goldwater Jr. jetted in to speak on privacy; authorities like Lawrence Baskir, counsel to Sam Ervin's Senate committee on privacy, appeared on talk shows. "Our ads of the last few weeks," said the announcer, "unlike what you usually see, have tried to raise questions we feel are extremely important. . . . Not so long ago, people in a similar situation did not awaken to the forces around them: are we so unwise as to do the same?"

Response in this ordinarily conservative state turned out, said Nancy Hollander, the state's ACLU executive director, to be "phenomenal." One woman wrote Ms. Hollander to say she realized to her horror that she was probably in all but 14 of those record files; others wrote and phoned to complain about TV monitors in public restrooms, treatment by credit bureaus and being asked to give their social security numbers when they applied for drivers' licenses, to vote and for help at state clinics.

Happiest of all at the flood of calls, applications for membership and donations were the bearded, dungareed members of the Institute for Regional Education, a group of six guys in Santa Fe who decided, early last year, they wanted to launch the campaign and persuaded the Civil Liberties Union to sponsor it at a cost of $46,000. None had ever worked in "media" before. But, explained one, Godfrey Reggio, "All of us have experienced the heavy hand of law enforcement." As he fielded phone calls one night, Godfrey told a caller what it was all about: "If people don't take care of their own concerns, nobody will do it for them."

Well, I wondered, could we take any comfort from the fact that President Nixon had announced his own privacy campaign? Nancy Hollander pondered that preposterous irony. "He sounded just like we do," she said. "Which is very scary."**—By John Neary**



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN NEARY

local color

A most unnatural death

The night the power company turned off the current, the temperature dropped to 16. An autopsy determined that the Bakers had died of exposure

By Timothy Ferris

On Christmas Eve Basil Heise, a 20-year-old airman on leave for the holidays, picked his way across the ice and gravel of Arch Street, a narrow dead end on Hamilton Hill in Schenectady, N.Y., and banged on the warped wooden door of his grandparents' house. He wanted to invite them to Christmas dinner.

Inside he found silence, darkness and cold. Cold air poured down the stairs from a broken window in the bedroom and rolled in from the kitchen, where a window was patched with cardboard. Old stuffed furniture, heaps of exhausted clothing, stacks of ancient newspapers and books littered the rooms. The gas furnace, which needed electricity to operate, was cold. A bucket of water used to activate the antique toilet was frozen. And in a cleared area on the floor of the front room Heise found, huddled together, wrapped in old overcoats, the bodies of his grandparents, Frank and Catherine Baker. They had frozen to death after electricity to their house, needed to run the furnace, had been shut off because they had not paid their bill.

There are many impoverished, senile and neglected old people in this country, and when the story of the Bakers appeared in the news it seemed they had been among them. But that was not exactly the case. The Bakers were poor but had enough money to survive. They had not been forgotten by the community, which regularly offered help and was as regularly refused, nor by their daughter, who lived little more than a mile away and was a frequent visitor. They were certainly old—Frank was 92, Catherine 91—and a bit fuddled, but they were not helpless; they got out each day to have lunch, go shopping or talk with neighbors. They went to church. They continued to live their lives.

The Bakers did not die because they were incapacitated, neglected or ignored. They died because they had grown too old to defend themselves against attack. A few days before Christmas, they were attacked by the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation.

Officials of that corporation described the incident as "tragic," but I do not think it was a tragedy. It was the direct result of a corporate policy of collecting bills by inflicting pain on delinquent customers until they pay up. This the Bakers, in their old age, proved too bewildered to understand and too feeble to endure.

Hamilton Hill is an old Irish neighborhood bordered on two sides by marginal commercial districts and on the other two by a spreading apron of decay, where younger black families live on blocks punctuated by abandoned buildings and empty lots. Nearer the center, the residents are still mostly whites, many of them retired, and here for 57 years the Bakers lived.

You could see them each day at about noon when they walked down the hill to the Colonial Restaurant—where a plate of meat loaf, cut green beans and a big helping of mashed potatoes costs $1.45, roast pork $1.65—for their one hot meal of the day. The Bakers ate in the booth next to the door, then made their way back up to Arch Street. Mr. Baker usually wore an old overcoat, but his wife, who had been known for her nice clothes and trim figure, liked to dress up in a bright hat and high heels. She wore heels even in winter, often alarming the priests at St. Columba's Church by tottering to 5:30 mass over sidewalks glazed with ice.

When the Bakers encountered neighbors on the street, Mrs. Baker, a small woman with a quick smile, stopped to talk. Mr. Baker, less outgoing, would walk ahead a few steps and say, "Come on, Cathy, time to go."

To attend mass at St. Columba's, the Bakers had to cross one small street, in front of Gus Comanzo's dry cleaning shop. Mrs. Baker's greatest fear was that she would be hit by a car, and to convince her it was safe to cross Mr. Baker sometimes stood in the middle of the road. The Bakers were both deaf and their arguments at the corner, conducted in shouts, were a familiar sound in the neighborhood.

"Come on, kiddy, it's all right," he would holler in an old tone mixed of exasperation and affection.

"I'm scared," she would yell back.

"It's all right, kiddy, for God's sake!"

"I'm scared."

They had married in their mid-30s, on August 24, 1916. For 25 years he was janitor in a high school. In the 20 years after retirement he occasionally swept up

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Author Ferris is a free lance who is currently working on a book about the heavens.

It wasn't much,
the crumbling house on Arch Street
in which the old couple died.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

movie houses, one of them the ornate Plaza Theater in Schenectady, since torn down. They lived on social security and his pension, but when anybody asked about money Frank Baker said irritably that it was none of their business, he could take care of himself and his wife, thank you.

Everybody on Arch Street knew them. If Mrs. Baker got lonely, she put on her hat and coat and went down two doors to the home of Ethel Buskey—a plump, friendly housewife perhaps 40 years her junior—stood in front of the house, and yelled, "Hey, lady, what time is it?" until Mrs. Buskey came out. Then they would talk.

During the last months of these conversations, Mrs. Baker seemed increasingly worried. "We have big problems, lady. I don't know what we're going to do." She was lonely, she felt nobody cared about her and Frank and she was frightened of other matters that she could not always bring into focus. Things were turning bad.

The house was deteriorating. Two windows were broken, the kitchen ceiling had collapsed, the paint was blistered and peeling. Notices came in the mail from the building inspector; they frightened the Bakers but soon faded from memory. One day came a notice that the house next door had been condemned. Frank Baker thought it referred to his own house. He took it, in near panic, to St. Columba's, where Father George Gagnon assured him he didn't have to move.

"To say they were senile in the sense of not knowing what was going on, no, that would be too much," said Father Gagnon. "But sometimes, for a little while, they would just go into a fog."

The more his failing strength and memory embarrassed him, the more stubborn and prideful Frank Baker became. A group from the church offered to repair the house so it could pass building inspection; he refused. Nuns came over to help clean up the rooms cluttered with the debris of nearly 60 years; he would not let them in the door. The church donated a used refrigerator; Frank Baker stored his tools in it.

The Bakers had money to pay their bills but seemed to have lost the ability to keep track of it

Most of the neighbors adjusted to the Bakers' failing memories. If Mr. Baker tried to pay more than once for the same meal at the Colonial, the waitress gave him back his money without any fuss. If Mrs. Baker left a dress at the cleaners and forgot it, Gus Comanzo reminded her when she passed the shop. Tellers at the Mohawk National Bank politely concealed their amusement when Mrs. Baker, in trumpeting voice, accused her husband of spending his money on another woman. And the Reverend Jim Murphy, a young man with a neatly trimmed beard, tried to straighten out the couple's troubles with the power company.

The bill hadn't been paid for months and it amounted to a couple of hundred dollars. In July the power was shut off briefly. St. Columba's paid half the bill—directly, to circumvent Mr. Baker's violent aversion to charity—got the power back on and extracted a promise from Mr. Baker to pay the rest. "It was a matter of pride with him," said Father Murphy. "He told me, 'I'm able to pay my bills,' and he promised he would. But then I guess he simply forgot about it."

At Niagara Mohawk, routine pleas for leniency on overdue bills are handled by customer service representatives in the company's downtown office. People having trouble making ends meet—men on their lunch break, old couples, housewives with their children—sit in the reception area, snow melting into puddles at their feet, and wait their turn to bargain across a steel desk for a few dollars' reduction or a few days more to pay.

If the problem is more serious, it may be referred up to a collection representative. The Bakers' case came to be handled by a chief collection clerk named Francis Meehan. An outgoing man who

The Comanzos (above), and Fathers Murphy and Gagnon: they tried to help out but "it got lost."

lived on Hamilton Hill and went to church at St. Columba's, Meehan knew the Bakers and was inclined to be patient with them. But on July 31 he retired, and the Baker file ascended to the desk of the office supervisor, Gerald Goard. Long-boned and unsmiling, Goard was described by several of his customers as a man who prided himself on taking a hard line. "No extensions," he liked to say. "I don't get any extensions on my bills, why should you?"

Goard regards this reputation as unearned. He points out that most people he deals with personally are considerably behind or he wouldn't be talking to them. The company, he insists, is flexible and humane: "Every customer is treated on an individual basis. Every individual is given a chance to come forward and make a just and honest attempt to pay his bills. We do a lot of bending." With a grand jury investigation underway, Niagara Mohawk is keeping quiet about the Baker case, but it appears that it was under Goard's supervision that the company decided to stop bending where the Bakers were concerned.

State law permits a power company to shut off a delinquent customer's electricity at any time after he has been notified of the impending cutoff and given eight days to pay up. The Public Service Commission may waive even these requirements if it finds that compliance would "impose an unreasonable burden upon the company." Nothing is said in the law about unreasonable burdens upon the ordinary citizen.

By November the Bakers' power bill had swelled, their telephone had been disconnected, they had ignored two court summonses concerning house repairs and it was clear they needed help. Their daughter, Frances Heise–old herself, on welfare, in continual pain from arthritis–was in no position to straighten things out. She asked her parents to consider moving into a home for the elderly. Frank Baker was outraged at the idea. Mrs. Heise last saw her parents four days before they died.

The Bakers had money to pay their bills but seemed to have lost the ability to keep track of it. They saved cash by wrapping small bills in toilet paper and secreting them around the house in hiding places later forgotten. Police searching the house after their deaths found hundreds of dollars in cash. In November Mrs. Baker was knocked down by two neighborhood boys who grabbed her purse and then threw it away when the police chased them. Mrs. Baker said she thought the purse contained about $20. The police found $175 inside, most of it in bills

Mary in the Colonial Restaurant:
if the Bakers overpaid, she'd return the money.

wrapped in toilet paper.

On December 20 John Knowles, a round-faced retiree who lives on Arch Street, encountered a power company lineman outside his house. Knowles asked if he could help. The lineman said he was looking for the Baker place.

"The Bakers are in that green house," Knowles said. "But it won't do you any good. They won't let you in. They don't let anybody in. What you want to see them for?"

"I've got to shut off the power."

"You're going to turn off the juice on those old people in this weather?" The temperature was a few degrees above freezing.

"Look, I got a job to do. I don't like it, but if I don't do it, I got no job."

The lineman was refused entry by Frank Baker and so climbed a pole and cut the electricity from there. Looking out her window, Ethel Buskey saw him on the pole. "I thought he was repairing something. If we'd known their power had been shut off, we'd have had them come over here."

John Knowles told a nun at St. Columba's what had happened, but somehow, with everyone busy preparing for the holidays, the incident was forgotten. "It just got lost," said Father Murphy. "I have no excuse. I feel bad about it."

So no help was offered and the Bakers, as always, asked for none. That night the temperature dropped to 16 degrees. The following night it was 20 degrees. An autopsy determined that Frank and Catherine Baker died of "circulatory collapse secondary to exposure to cold."

Reaction on Hamilton Hill varied from anger to a resigned feeling that the Bakers were old and bound to die soon anyway. One of those angered was Gus Comanzo, Mrs. Baker's friend at the dry cleaners, who flattened his large hands on the counter and said, "I heard more than one person say, 'They lived past their time.' That's a hell of an attitude, isn't it?"

At the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation a spokesman told the AP, "We're running a business. The welfare people should be taking care of them." Another official took the position that it hadn't been proven the Bakers died of the cold—they might have just keeled over, somehow. The autopsy defeated that argument and a company vice president, William Donlon, released what apparently was intended as a compassionate statement:

> We believe that Niagara Mohawk conducts itself as a responsible member of the community and that the company's record over the years attests to the fact that we have always acted in the best interests of the community and all of its citizens. We sincerely regret the tragic circumstances involving the Bakers but our actions were taken only after repeated contacts with them over a long period of time.

And that remains the official position of the company: "We have *always* acted in the best interests of the community." Even in the case of the Bakers, apparently. In other words, it was too bad but we put up with those cranky old people for a long time and then they got what they deserved.

Niagara Mohawk has yet to admit it made a mistake and, at this writing, was still routinely shutting off power to occupied homes in the dead of winter. Richard Staszak, the county social services commissioner, asked the power company to at least provide him with a list of customers scheduled for cutoffs so that his agency could investigate hardship cases. He was told that would cost too much money.

The Reverend Joseph Girzone, county human rights chairman, urged a census of old people be taken so that those in deteriorating circumstances could be helped before some dramatic event called attention to them, perhaps killing them in the process. He pointed out that Schenectady County, though it has a high proportion of retired residents, has no agency specifically to look after them.

In January a 71-year-old man froze to death in Peshtigo, Wisconsin, after the Public Service Corporation turned off the gas to his apartment. His name was Harold Radtke and it appears that he spent the last hours of his life dressed in virtually every garment he owned, trying to warm himself over a hotplate and a vacuum cleaner motor. The temperature outside was one degree above zero. A power company official called the death a "tragedy."●

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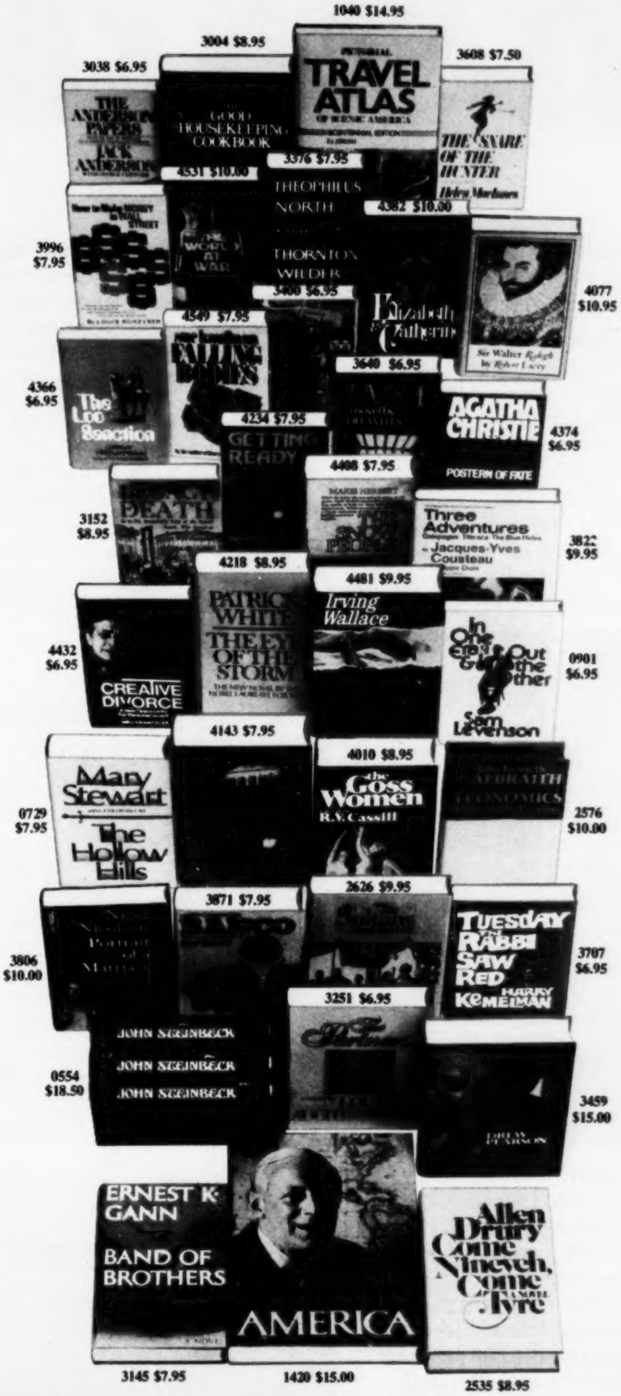
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We've had Henry Steele Commager dispel our national fear of impeachment. Let Roger Rapoport expose the doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for money. Prompted Jimmy Breslin to tell us why he thinks Nixon is the Protestant Joey Gallo. Encouraged Marcia Seligson to interview the new breed of sex therapists who do more than just talk. Given Mike Royko the go-ahead to delve into Chicago's changing attitudes toward corruption.

Orgasms for sale

In which a nice Jewish girl and a drop-out advertising executive find true happiness repairing and fine-tuning other people's love machines

By Marcia Seligson

Danny Tompkins gets paid for having intercourse with women and considers himself a "pioneer," a "humanitarian" and a "therapist". Sylvia Kars is in the rare position of having every one of her clients fall desperately in love with her, offering her trips, marriage, diamonds and the moon. Both are not—as it might at first appear—engaged in the world's oldest profession, but in a rather new one, a job category created by the particular surges of American life in the '70s. Danny and Sylvia are Sexual Surrogates.

An explanation is clearly in order. When Drs. Masters and Johnson set up their sex therapy program in St. Louis in 1959—a program that became the model for a startling innovative approach to the most ancient of problems—they were faced with the issue of how to deal with unmarried people. Philosophically and therapeutically, they believed in treating couples; the patient, they asserted, was never either individual but the relationship itself. On the other hand, people without mates were also in sexual difficulty and entitled to help. So, the

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Survivor in the Nixon White House

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up money in the Mexican sun. Studs Terkel on truck drivers, their feelings of betrayal, and their new forms of protest. Pete Hamill on the opening of the $107-million Las Vegas palace

that is MGM's legacy—and its bomb. Nora Sayre on Maharaj Ji, the Rolls Royce-driving teenage guru. David Halberstam on how the press has helped Nixon fool the people. Bob Greene on whether or not The Senate is ready for Howard Cosell.

People. Places. Local color. Letters. Questions. Answers.

NEW TIMES introduces you to country music stars, former POWs, pols, poets, corporate bigwigs, philosophers, truckers, teachers, dropouts, drop-ins. We take you to cities, towns, and suburbs across the country where things are happening that affect the way you live and love, work and play. And speaking of play, we bring you the kind of book, television, music, and movie reviews that help you get the most out of every leisure minute.

NEW TIMES selects Washington's ten dumbest Congressmen; wonders if Jesus can save Charles Colson; follows the new political wife, no more Mrs. Nice Guy; invites you to the Southern plantation they call the Supreme Court; discusses the sociology and physiology of bisexuality; ponders the reasons the Golden Gate Bridge has such appeal for suicides; brings you extraordinary new birth techniques from France; wonders with you why California children seem so clean, wet, and distant.

Listen

That's Howard Cosell running for the U.S. Senate

By Bob Greene

"I doubt that, right at this moment, the Senate is ready for Howard Cosell. But I think it will be by 1976. I think that in the aftermath of Watergate, my kind of truthfulness, my kind of candor . . ."

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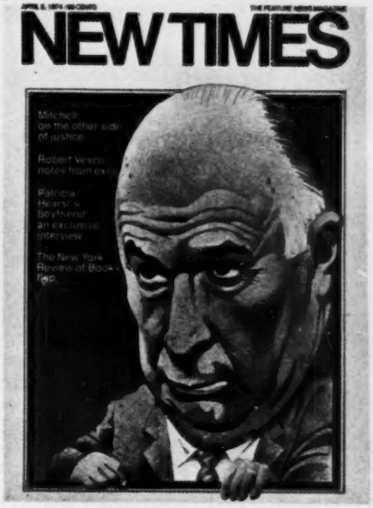

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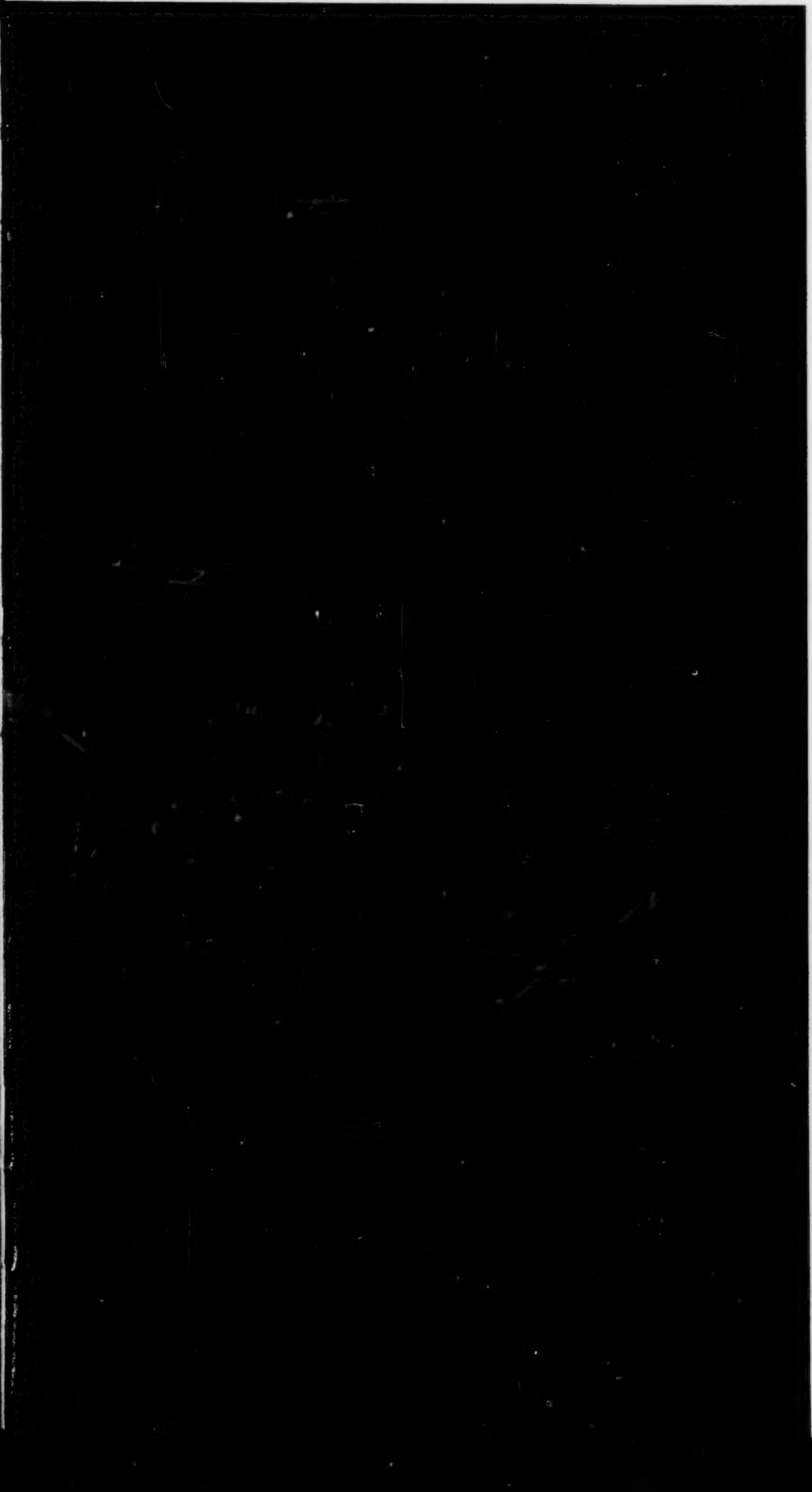
Goodbye to

Opening night at Opryland: the regulars weren't invited.

all that, y'all



the arts

When the Grand Ole Opry moved uptown, it lost a lot more than its old home

By Paul Hendrickson

It is a Thursday three weeks ago in Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, the night before the Grand Ole Opry, Nashville's Mother Church of Music, moved on. Fog creeps off the Cumberland River bottoms, rubbing its back against the Sho-Bud guitar store and Ernest Tubb's record shop and the Magic Fingers massage parlor, curling around the corner to Opry Place, where the 83-year-old Ryman Auditorium sulks in the darkness.

The patrons of this port of broken dreams on Lower Broadway are in good form. There's Chuck Bailey, 37, drunk since supper, who says he once played backup for Cowboy Copas and Johnny Cash. Now he works in a shirt factory and lives in a room up by Music Row Hunched over a Sterling beer, he lapses now and then into loud and nasal refrains

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SLICK LAWSON/EDWIN SCHMIDT

Paul Hendrickson is a feature writer for the Detroit Free Press.

of "I'm on My Way to Alabam'." When he does, Wanda the barkeep, who wears crushed Levi's and about 15 extra pounds, jerks a meaty thumb at the door.

"I was sittin' with Tex Ritter over at his Chuck Wagon restaurant the week before he died," Bailey slurs at Wanda's thumb. "That's why I'm gettin' drunk tonight. He's gone—and tomorrow they close the Ryman. Last thing I 'member 'bout that day is the two of us sittin' there in a back booth singin' the 'Birmin'ham Blues.' " He lurches into that one, but before he can go three bars, Tootsie Bess, the proprietress, comes over to swat him like a fly with a rolled magazine. Five minutes later he is being nudged out the door to a taxi; he is still singing when the cab slides off into the night.

Billy Stepp, a 200-pound Seneca Indian, is pumping quarters into the juke. He, too, says he has played with the greats—Loretta (Lynn) and Tammy (Wynette). Now he picks and sings across the street with his own band at the rattletrap Merchant's Hotel. "It's the best music on Broadway," he proclaims. "You'd be better off hearing me tomorrow than the Opry. They'll just be bawlin' anyhow." As if in proof, he punches two buttons and seconds later a plaintive voice wails, "What's Tootsie gonna do when they tear the Ryman down?"

Tootsie: the song goes, "What's Tootsie gonna do when they tear the Ryman down?"

There are others: somebody named Tony in chalky loafers and a flowered shirt; somebody named Willie who gives up trying to stutter through his last name and instead hands over a crumpled, Swank wallet I.D. card; and Tootsie herself, by now thoroughly irate that this week's *Music Country, U.S.A.* on NBC—in which she and her bar were to be featured—has been preempted by a basketball game. She flips to other stations. On one a newscaster is reporting that Mr. and Mrs. Nixon will arrive for the opening of the new Opry Saturday night on separate presidential jets, he from Washington, she from Brazil, and that the Tennessee Republican party has paid for 1,200 posters and 40,000 handbills to support him. She cuts the man off in mid-word.

Like any good legend, mystery surrounds this small, spirited woman. Once, the story goes, she was married to Big Jeff Bess and was the sometime singer for Big Jeff and the Radio Playboys. When the marriage broke up nearly 15 years ago, she opened Tootsie's Orchid Lounge. Today, the place is the most famous last-chance saloon in country music. As Paul Hemphill put it in his book on Nashville: "If the Grand Ole Opry is the Jerusalem and the Masters Tournament of country music, then Tootsie's Orchid Lounge is its Wailing Wall and its nineteenth hole."

Bottled beer here is 50 cents; chili is 85. The bartop is covered with yellowed contact paper; faded publicity pictures of nearly every Opry star, past and present, cover the walls and get their light from blinking Falstaff signs. At closing time, Tootsie takes a three-inch, diamond-headed stickpin and jabs anybody who won't get out. But she's also a patsy for every barroom drifter who has a song and no money on him. Three cigar boxes of IOUs and a till full of bad checks attest to that. They say Kris Kristofferson was once into her for credit. Recently, she was quoted in the New York *Times* as saying that Roger Miller wrote "Dang Me" and Tom T. Hall wrote "The Year That Clayton Delaney Died" while sitting in the scarred booths along the walls. The record executives up on Music Row are the first to testify that if a single makes the jukebox at Tootsie's, it'll probably be a hit across the country.

Tootsie's problem just now, like everybody else's on Lower Broad, is that the new Opry house is 10 miles away, on the edge of town. The $1.5-million building is the centerpiece of a 369-acre, Disney-like extravaganza called Opryland, U.S.A. The theme park is owned by the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, which besides having one of the two tallest office towers in Nashville also controls a television station and the 50,000-watt, clear-channel WSM Radio, over which the Grand Ole Opry has been broadcast to America (and parts of Canada) for 48 years.

Nobody knows what's going to happen to the honky-tonks and cheap hotels on Broad now that the Opry has moved to Opryland. Once this street, however much the city fathers demurred, was the Nashville Experience. Until recently, the Ryman around the corner, home of the Grand Ole Opry since 1941, was scheduled for destruction; National Life has backed off for the moment, although there is talk of building a chapel of the Ryman's bricks at Opryland. Nearly everyone in town whose job doesn't depend on it still says the company has no soul, that its only aim is to get more hog-fat than ever. Tootsie Bess doesn't say that. She just shrugs and digs into her cigar boxes and says: "I ain't never had so much to get used to in my whole life as the last few years. . . ."

Yep, country music is uptown now. It is hillbilly no more. It is a billion-dollar business for Nashville, the self-proclaimed "Music City, U.S.A.," and it is licking at the heels of New York. In 1972 country music accounted for 26 percent of

George and Minnie, a couple of "plain folks," help Opryland open in style.

all sales at Columbia Records, one of the industry giants; last year the figure was fatter. Nobody is guessing what it might be this year. Only rock sells better. Male singers still wear knuckle-sized rings and sequins all over their clothes. Females still tease and peroxide their hair absurdly. The songs still come down to honky-tonk poetry about fallen angels and boozin' and cheatin' hearts. Yet, somehow, it is different. The needs do not seem as basic, the hurts as deep, as when Hank Williams wrote and sang. The whole thing smacks of commercialism, of the kind of respectability that comes with records like Charlie Rich's "Behind Closed Doors." (The record sold 2 million copies last year and was a hit on pop charts, too.) In a word, country music has gone slick.

Cousin Minnie Pearl, that dimwit from Grinder's Switch who shrieks "How-deeeeee!" is sitting on the veranda of her estate, talking quietly of Hank Williams and her early days at the Opry. Here, at home in the Brentwood section south of town, she is Mrs. Henry Cannon, 61, neighbor to the governor, a millionaire and a lady who keeps Andrew Wyeth books on glass tabletops. It is a placid Friday afternoon, three hours before the Opry's swan song at the Ryman. Minnie says she is determined not to cry tonight. (The week previous, at the Opry's last Saturday night show, she broke down on-stage; the story was picked up as far away as the Orient.) As she talks, a tour bus, gagged with camera-clutchers, pulls in front of Webb Pierce's mansion down the road. People say his career has dried up; Minnie won't admit to that at all.

"I was sittin' with Tex Ritter before he died. That's why I'm drunk. He's gone—and tomorrow they close the Ryman"

"I always thought when I was a little girl that I was destined to be a fairy princess. I studied Shakespeare in college, but the good Lord kept inching me toward comedy. I worked up a few routines and started trouping to every tank town and tent show in the South." Suddenly, she is out of her chair, her arms a blur, her feet shuffling back and forth on the canary-yellow rug, her voice straining through "Rainy days/ We must have rainy days. . . ." She abandons more than finishes the number, then collapses in sheepish laughter.

"I made the Opry in the '40s—and I've barely missed a performance in 27 years. No matter where we were during the week, we always beat it back to Nashville by Saturday night for the show. That's what made that old wreck of a building so glorious—the spirit that's flowed from it on both sides of the footlights. The performers have always traveled as much to get there as the audience. Nobody cared back then about air-conditioning or having to sit on hard church pews. Hell, that was part of it."

She is growing sentimental now, and to stave it off bolts up again, this time using her hairdresser, who is serving Cokes, as a foil. ("You should see what this l'il ol' girl does with my hair," she cackles in her best Minnie Pearlese. "Why, I'm just a baldheaded ol' lady.") A knock at the door brings a bouquet of flowers; she studies the card, sees the photographer slipping up on her and cries: "Don't you take my picture while I have these glasses on, young man." He obliges and she begins talking of Hank Williams.

"Right from the start, he had that something special that only a few since have come close to—maybe Marty Robbins, maybe Johnny Cash. The Saturday in 1949 they first let Hank on stage, he had to sing 'Lovesick Blues' six times before the audience would let him off. Finally, Red Foley came out and said for everybody to calm down, that they'd be bringing this boy back real soon. He was 26 then. Hank always was a loving man, though he wouldn't allow himself to love many people."

She is close to tears and sings herself a little of Williams' "I Can't Help It (if I'm still in love with you)." It doesn't help. What she declines to go on with is the story of Hank's life in the four years following his comet-like streak into stardom—how the pills and whiskey and failed marriage began to consume him; how the Opry fired him for missing too many performances; how he tried to make it back with another marriage and a job at Shreveport, a notch below the Opry; how, finally, he lost it all, at age 29, in the back seat of a Cadillac on New Year's Day, 1953, just as he might have written it in one of his ballads.

"Did I tell you what happened the other night when we toured the new building?" she asks, escorting her guests to the door, her strength regained. "One of the musicians came up and said, 'Minnie, they're all downstairs in the dressing rooms.' I said dumbly, 'Who's downstairs?' 'Why, Hanky and Red Foley and Patsy Cline and Jim Reeves and Tex Ritter and the others that have died. They've all come along with us.' You know, I believe that: the Grand Ole Opry *is* bigger than anything they'll ever put it in. They'll never kill its spirit. . . ."

Pat Nixon watches the pianist sing "God Bless America" at Opryland premiere.

The new Opry house, stuck in the middle of a squeaky-clean amusement park, is symbolic of the Selling of Country Music. It would be hard to fault the mere fact of the move. The Ryman *is* a crumbling, architectural disaster. The floor sags. The walls are cracked and blistered. On July nights the funeral parlor fans they passed out at the door would husk the air and bring little relief; on January nights the radiators would hiss and clank an audience to death.

The new building is a wonder of rustic brick and dark-wooded interior. The seating is still semicircular and on church pews, even if they're covered with burnt-orange cushioning. The lighting is excellent, as are the acoustics. (The management has even removed a few of the Ryman's old floorboards and put them into the new stage so that performer and tourist alike can "stand on the very spot where Hank Williams stood.") Too, the insurance company can now sell 1,100 more seats every performance; they can also raise prices.

The men most responsible for what's happening in country music today normally won't be going near this showpiece. They are the young, shag-haired record moguls on Music Row who admit unabashedly they are out to be commercial and that they are only giving the public what it apparently wants. Ron Bledsoe is the bachelor vice-president of the Nashville operations for CBS Records. He lives on a boat 16 miles from town, keeps an apartment in Printer's Alley and roars around town in a 1962 Silvercloud II Rolls Royce whose radio is frequently tuned to rhythm and blues.

"Most Nashvillians resent the Opry," he says. "It's the old stigma of being labeled hillbilly. The Opry's real constituency has always been out-of-towners. People here would rather think of their city as the Athens of the South than the front porch on Hillbilly Heaven. To them country music is Roy Acuff singing songs through his nose that nobody can relate to." Bledsoe is not Sammy Glick and it is hard to dislike him, but there is little doubt that he is taking country music somewhere where it's never been.

The hottest producer on Music Row these days is Billy Sherrill, 36, also of CBS Records, the son of an Alabama Baptist preacher. He has written almost all of Tammy Wynette's hits, including the gold-sellers "Stand By Your Man" and "D-I-V-O-R-C-E." He also handles Charlie Rich. His secretaries say that everybody who likes him used to hate him—and vice versa. He rarely goes out in public and keeps his mammoth office in semi-darkness. When he emerges, it's usually to scoot down the corridor to Studio B where Johnny Cash, David Houston and a flock of other stars record. "Writers are the embryo of the widening trend," says this small, reddish-haired man. "But there's only two kinds of records, anyway: good and bad. I don't care whether you call it country or not."

But if the deacons have gone mod, the faithful in the church remain their old selves. They come mostly from places in the heartlands—like Erie, Pennsylvania, where radio station WWGO sponsors periodic bus trips to the Opry. A political scientist would call these folk Middle Americans. They are the ones, as Merle Haggard put it, who don't take their trips on LSD.

They come to Nashville as pilgrims. All day long you see them, filing past the glass cases in the Country Music Hall of Fame to view Hank Williams' guitar, Patsy Montana's $125 boots, Tex Ritter's six-shooter. A drugstore blond, her voice hushed and soothing, tells them of Gentleman Jim Reeves ("his plane crashed nine miles from this very building"), of Red Foley ("he wanted to sing 'Peace in the Valley' just one more time"), of Patsy Cline ("she was everybody's 'I Fall to Pieces' girl"). Even the not-so-dead are memorialized: Minnie Pearl's squashed hat with the $1.98 price tag dangling from it is there, as are Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' boots.

Friday night you *could* see the faithful everywhere you looked. Some drove in from the countryside, and when they couldn't get tickets, stood in the rain with kids on their arms and watched through windows propped up with Coke bottles. They were not disappointed: the night began at 7 and ran until 2 a.m. But the moment to remember came near the end when the Reverend Jimmie R. Snow, Good Book in his palm, took for his text the verse in Matthew that proclaims, "Old things are passed away and all things become new." Johnny Cash, that one-time appliance salesman from Memphis, was there, along with his wife and daughters and mother-in-law—the legendary Mother Maybelle Carter. Hank Snow, the Singin' Ranger from Nova Scotia, was there, too. He wore a magenta suit with blue, saucer-sized spangles, lizard-toed boots and a gold-sequined tie. His skin looked chalk-white, his lips bloodless. Plopped on the top of his head like a wet dishrag was a black toupee. The house lights came up, Cash began "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," and, suddenly, 3,700 souls were on their feet—taking a trip on that old gospel ship, swaying together in the Ryman for the last time, swaying like reeds in a hill-country breeze. ●

MOVIES

This side of technicolor

By Frank Rich

While it does turn out that the arrival of the third film version of **The Great Gatsby** is an event of somewhat less magnitude than the second coming of Christ, I do believe with each sentimental ounce of my heart that there are some worldly blessings to be counted all the same. True, this extraordinarily well-heeled two-and-a-half hour Hollywood extravaganza is not the movie that is going to revolutionize thought, interior decoration, the art of filmmaking or hairdressing fashions for the rest of this grimly amorphous decade to come; it isn't even the best American movie to be released this month. But if you can separate *The Great Gatsby* from the magazine cover stories, cosmetic ads and inflated ticket prices that have heralded its premiere, you'll find a slick chunk of gilded merchandise buried within. Not exactly a diamond as big as the Ritz, but at least a rhinestone as tall as the Chrysler Building.

I have never believed that Scott Fitzgerald's third novel was destined to be made into a movie (a notion this latest version does not dispel), but I can appreciate why—beyond commercial fads of the moment and the story's glamorous milieu—moviemakers keep trying to bend it to their wills. Of all Fitzgerald's work (with the possible, though technical exception of *The Last Tycoon*, left unfinished at the writer's death), *Gatsby* is the most organic in nature, the most structurally sound; and, more importantly, like so many of those fictions that we tend to designate Great American Novels, it gains its unity in large part from the author's grand and almost self-conscious preoccupation with the metaphorical possibilities of the American/frontier mythos. It's full of the headiest, if not exactly greatest, stuff of our literature.

The trouble is that the thematic overlay of books like *Gatsby* or *Moby Dick* or *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (soon to be a film) does not lend itself to cinematic regurgitation; the authors' conceits are far too literary in design. But that green light at the end of Daisy's dock, that old white whale, that raft going down the Mississippi remain rich and powerful lures, golden traps that the barons of our popular culture seem unable to avoid—whether they are working from the literature itself or adapting its imagery to modern circumstances (i.e., *Easy Rider*). Still, I find it hard to blame them and would even go so far as to say there's something strangely moving about these Hollywood bids to capture the ephemeral on film—just as Gatsby's attempt to recapture Daisy by building a mansion and filling it with parties is moving. My point of view may be hopelessly American, but I'm a complete sucker for the pathos inherent in this kind of vulgarity.

In this sense, the most interesting as well as peculiarly appealing aspect of this new *Gatsby* is, for me, that it has been put together by a collective sensibility that has more in common with the work's title character than with its author. Director Jack Clayton, screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola, production designer John Box and their eminently decent cast have attempted to buy with money and surface style what cannot be won by natural means. It may have been the only way to proceed—for it seems to me that as soon as an actor, any actor, is cast in the role of Gatsby (whose physical appearance is pointedly left undescribed by Fitzgerald), the novel is diminished immediately by half. And since there is no graceful way to capture the novel's point of view (which belongs to Nick Carraway, a character who figures peripherally in the action otherwise), a filmmaker must kiss off that facet of the book as well. What remains is a very good story—one that, thus stripped of its larger trappings, has more in common with the popular magazine fiction of less accomplished '20s writers (Michael Arlen, for example) than that of Fitzgerald himself. It is these goods that Clayton and his crew deliver, and while the result is not a patch on the novel, it's still a lush entertainment with which to while away a rainy afternoon: *The Way We Were* with a bit more finish to its texture, a great deal less meandering in its plot and a pedigree among

A steamy afternoon at the Plaza with Tom (Bruce Dern), Daisy (Mia Farrow) and Gatsby (Robert Redford) in Jack Clayton's *The Great Gatsby*.

its credits.

Clayton, whose previous works include *Room at the Top, The Innocents*, and *The Pumpkin Eater*, probably doesn't have an original idea in his head, but he isn't Richard Fleischer or Frank Perry either. He does have old-world, MGM-style taste, breathtaking technical competence and a slavish fidelity to the nuts-and-bolts of the drama—serviceable attributes which pay off in this context. Although there are some excisable lapses in his scheme (creepy B-horror movie music to indicate Major Turning Points, a shot of birds chirping to indicate love and another of a dead gull to portend doom, and sporadic artsy cuts such as the one from Dr. Eckleburg's billboard eyes to the bloodied headlights of a Rolls Royce), he keeps things handsome and keeps them moving—all within sets and locations that vary only slightly in detail from those set down in the book.

Screenwriter Coppola's task is far less enviable. Raiding *Gatsby* for its story's events is a chore on a par with turning out black-and-white reproductions of Renoir's "Luncheon of the Boating Party." Although he and Clayton have dispensed, more or less, with the Carraway point of view (and substituted an impersonal, movie-epic perspective), they haven't been able to throw away Carraway's words entirely, because they are sometimes necessary to advance the action. The solution Coppola comes up with is old-fashioned: at times Nick (Sam Waterston) gives us your basic voice-over spiel; at other times his observations turn up as dialogue (most of which works, though an occasional line sounds arch and literary). Obviously, the screenwriter has also had to invent dialogue for those instances where none exists in the book—and though every such line brings what is evanescent in the novel down to the concrete level of pop melodrama, almost none of it jars.

None of the performances jar either, though the principal winners among the cast are those in the subsidiary roles—the characters most easily transportable from the novel intact to the screen. Bruce Dern's Tom Buchanan, with his dumb open mouth and "hulking" (as Daisy puts it) all-American jockiness, is a dandy Ugly American, fulfilling all my most juvenile fantasies of the well-bred gentile-as-thug. He wrings the laughs out of Tom's ponderous, racist musings about the fate of civilization—and yet he's not so preposterous that you fail to comprehend why Daisy craves his protection or why Myrtle (Karen Black, doing some effective Shelley Winters brazen-woman numbers) accepts his haughty brutality. As Nick, Waterston, who is one of this country's best stage actors, has to do a lot of hanging around, which he does as well as anyone could, and must also communicate a detached affection for Gatsby, Daisy and Jordan Baker that shifts in varying degrees and different directions by the climax; Waterston has the intuitive grace to bring this off, suffering only on those occasions when Clayton traps him in some arbitrary reaction shots.

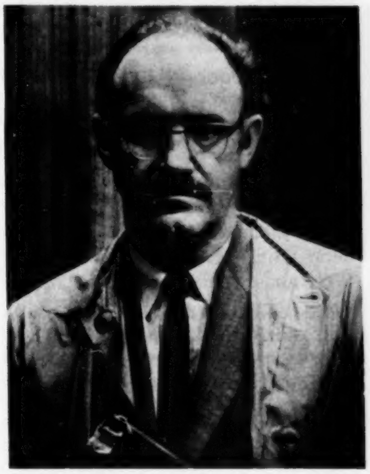
I suspect that Lois Chiles, the model-cum-actress who plays Jordan, can only play one role—which is, luckily, the one she has. But though she's bored, bloodless and icily attractive, she's incapable of exhibiting the rough edges of her hard veneer. This makes it rather hard to figure out what, beyond sex, brings her and Nick together, however fleetingly. I had more fun with two other actors who have been cast to type in supporting roles: Howard DaSilva, who, as Meyer Wolfsheim ("the man who fixed the 1919 World Series"), shows incredible restraint by reading only one of his lines with a Yiddish inflection; and Scott Wilson, whose George Wilson is the essence of befuddled grime (and kind of a weepy retread of the deranged killer he played in Robert Aldrich's *The Grissom Gang*).

These actors' duties seem awfully simple nonetheless when contrasted with what is required of Mia Farrow and Robert Redford as Daisy and Gatsby, the most highly stylized ghosts of Fitzgerald's imagination, roles that will probably always defy personification. Farrow strikes me as being an accurate Daisy—empty, manipulative, selfish and diaphanous—but I doubt her performance is going to endear her to audiences. One of the major sources of drama in the novel is the way in which the reader learns only gradually, as Nick does, that the "golden girl" of Gatsby's dreams is no different from her husband, that both Buchanans are people who "smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made. . . ." As *Gatsby*, the book, progresses, the translucent haze enveloping Daisy is removed in layers, as Nick's perceptions and revelations broaden; only when our aesthetic distance from her narrows to nothing and events take their violent course do we finally see Daisy clearly and see her whole. But in a movie we must see her close up from the beginning, stripped of much of the glittery idealization that Fitzgerald provides through Nick's early abstracted narrative. We guess the first time we meet Daisy that she is not worthy of Gatsby's obsessions—and that makes Farrow's job utterly thankless. To play the role correctly, she must be unsympathetic all the way through—Gatsby can misread her, but we can't—and it's a little like being asked to come at us naked for two hours, with no place to hide and a body covered with hives. If a warmer or less superficial actress were in the part (a Julie Christie, for instance), we might have a Daisy we care more about—but the tragic warp in Gatsby's vision would be lost.

As for Gatsby himself, the movie does make it impossible to believe that he is the penultimate American dreamer, believing in that "orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us," but we can still have some real feeling for a decent guy who loves the wrong woman for all the wrong reasons. The depth of this passion—measured not only by Gatsby's material extravagance but by the immense sweetness Redford brings to the part—takes on its own dramatic worth. We like this Gatsby, forgive him his intellectual density and fake rhetorical polish (both of which Redford captures well), and empathize with his affection, however misdirected. In the end Redford's vulnerability holds the movie together.

While it is a strange collection of circumstances and talents that have conspired to make this *Gatsby* what it is—an odd film that succeeds on terms one isn't normally inclined to endorse—I did, at a gut level, feel kind of glazed as I left it behind me. I *had* been borne back into the past: not the one that Fitzgerald had intended, but at least the simpler times of about 15 years ago, when I thought I could sit alone in a balcony and luxuriate in Vincente Minnelli musicals forever. It is that modest tradition of Hollywood technicolor romance, rather than any greater literary or cinematic calling, that this *Great Gatsby* most honorably fulfills.

The Conversation. Francis Ford Coppola—best known as the director of *The Godfather*, the producer of *American Graffiti* and the screenwriter of *The Great Gatsby*—wrote and directed this stunning thriller about a professional wiretapper who starts to care a bit too much about the subjects of his eavesdropping. The film revolves around an innocuous exchange between a young man and woman in a San Francisco park—the conversation of the title, which Harry Caul (Gene Hackman), "the best bugger on the West Coast," records surreptitiously for a mysterious private client. Sometimes jumbled, sometimes fragmented, the conversation plays over and over again throughout the movie; not only do the words turn out to postulate a murder (without revealing the identity of either murderer or victim), but they also form an ironic subtext to just about every event in the film, including the mundane circumstances of the wiretapper's own lonely life. Coppola uses the medium to enhance our way of seeing and, as you might imagine, listening: recurring images and sounds mix in different combinations throughout until finally it's hard to tell which of the variables is reality. The effect is disorienting, hypnotic and shocking. And, although Coppola conceived his picture pre-Watergate, the movie has the force of a political statement on our much maligned right to privacy; it's a feast for paranoids (and who isn't paranoid these days?). Hackman, who dresses and looks remarkably like James McCord, adds a major performance to what is already a spectacular acting career; he delivers the sweaty essence of a character who lives in a world where the only colors are sounds, whether they be those of his tapes or the honeyed notes of the sax he plays to release tension in his quintessentially nondescript apartment. The rest of the cast is fine, too—especially Allen Garfield as a sleazy competitor of Harry's whose main claim to fame is that he told Chrysler when Cadillac "was getting rid of its fins." Some David Shire sound-track piano riffs form a perfect counterpoint to Coppola's own fiendishly clever cinematic variations, and there is a climatic motel bathroom scene that rivals the one in *Psycho*. What more can I say?



Gene Hackman,a wiretapper who cares too much, in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation.*

The Super Cops. Batman and Robin (Ron Leibman and David Selby) are two honest cops in a corrupt New York City police force. They want to drive out the heroin pushers. They chase after the heroin pushers. There are bloody developments. . . . Why does this same movie keep reappearing under different titles? This one, which (like so many before it) has no female characters outside of whores, was directed by Gordon Parks. Shame on him.

The Ragman's Daughter. Writer Alan Sillitoe (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*) looks back in anger once more. If you go to see this hapless flashback-drama about a British working-class lad's youthful adventures in theft with a kooky blond bourgeois dream girl, you may well do a little looking back in anger yourself. The psychological premise of two kids getting their rocks off by breaking the law has been better executed elsewhere—most recently in the Tuesday Weld–Anthony Perkins *Pretty Poison*—and the relentless cutting between the hero's exciting past and dreary present reeks of ho-hum irony. For what it's worth—and it ain't much— director Harold Becker does succeed at portraying the dim industrial pallor of his Nottingham setting.

MUSIC

Chicago VII (Columbia). Every Saturday night I watch *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and I have enormous respect for Valerie Harper's Rhoda character, but I've never been able to feel the same about her since the night she announced that Neil Diamond was her favorite singer and (if memory serves) that this was her favorite rock band. There's nothing technical to fault Chicago on, and in fact this is one of their better collections, being occasionally sultry, relatively subdued and even inspired enough to use the Beach Boys for backing vocals on one cut. Chicago may never develop an interesting lead singer, but they continue to fuse MOR and Muzak into something bloodless but unique, churning out hits as they go ("Happy Man" sounds like a smash). Of all the formula bands around, Chicago continues to reign as the most competent and the most consistent. They bore me to tears.—**Janet Maslin**

Rhapsody in White *The Love Unlimited Orchestra* (Twentieth Century). It seems as though whatever Barry White touches has gotta be a heavy. As arranger and conductor of the Love Unlimited Orchestra's newest, he is definitely making his mark on every chart. Oh, by the way, Barry does a little rapping, too. With the release of "Baby Blues," he has created a stampede by anyone that's hip to the nearest department store to stock up on (are you ready for this?) baby blue panties. For those who enjoyed Love Unlimited's "Love's Theme," you can enjoy it a second time: it's included in this album. With titles like "Midnight and You," "I Feel Love Coming On" and "What a Groove," this album has all the ingredients of sho' fire gold. I am not one to put labels on artists, but it has to start somewhere. So, Barry White, I christen thee the Pied Piper of Love.—**Cynthia Wilson**

Barry White: the Pied Piper of Love.

That's A Plenty *The Pointer Sisters* (Atlantic). Maybe this really is just a fad; if so, it could either disappear or evolve into something original. So far, unfortunately, the Pointer Sisters show no signs of taking either route. Their frantic '40s scatting jangles the nerves, positively demanding that the listener have fun; things get even worse when the Pointers take themselves seriously and attack old standards, which they neither successfully reinterpret nor imitate very well. Like Bette Midler, they're still better seen than heard.—**J.M.**

Front and Center *Eddie Kirkland* (Trix). Another bluesman rediscovered. Found auto-mechanicking in Macon, Georgia (home of Little Richard, Otis Redding, James Brown, the Allman Brothers), Kirkland had been John Lee Hooker's sidekick in the 1948–53 Detroit blues Golden Age. A hit at Ann Arbor '73, Kirkland can still boogie, but here his mildly electric solo guitar haunts on lonesome, personal, slow blues songs, some echoed by his harmonica's wail.—**Anton J. Mikofsky**

Catalyst *Willie Dixon* (Ovation). If you have not heard of him, check out the small print on other people's hits—"Spoonful," "Hoochie Coochie Man," "Little Red Rooster" and "Seventh Son"—he wrote 'em. Doing his own singing (but not bass playing) on this quad LP, Dixon is backed by solid piano, "harp," guitar and rhythm section. "My Babe," "I Just Wanna Make Love to You," "When I Make Love (That's All I'm Thinking Of)" and six more Dixon compositions, plus Eddie Shaw's "I Don't Trust Nobody (When It Comes to My Gal)," make this his best since the underrated (and cut out) Columbia 9987.—**A.J.M.**

The Back Door Wolf *Howlin' Wolf* (Chess). The old Wolf's bark (vocals, harmonica) plus the bite of Hubert Sumlin's guitar and Emory Williams "Detroit" Jr.'s piano and harpsichord. Clever, intelligent, new lyrics over great Chi-blues sounds include "Moving" and "Stop Using Me" by Chester Burnett (Wolf himself); topicals "Coon on the Moon" and "Watergate Blues" by Wolf's fine sax, Eddie Shaw; "Can't Stay Here" by his electric bass, Andy McMahon; and "Speak Now Woman" by St. Louis Jimmy Odom (of "Goin' Down Slow" fame). Moanin'. —**A.J.M.**

Monk/Trane *Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane* (Milestone). A welcome reissue for any fan of classic modern jazz, this essential double-pocket set collects in one place all the sides ever cut by one of the great humorists of the piano in collaboration with the most serenely serious of saxophone masters. Coltrane here in his lovely early phase (1957–58) is already almost the equal of a matured Monk, although he never approaches the level of Monk's comic genius. But we get assorted masterpieces from both men, along with a couple of brief collector's items. Equally amazing is a series of tracks uniting Coltrane with Coleman Hawkins, behind some fine Art Blakey, for an enlightening and touching short history of the tenor sax.—**Peter Occhiogrosso**

Live! *Pat Martino* (Muse). *Live!* is a mesmerizing performance by an overlooked and underrated electric guitarist who has the ability to play fast and hard without overamping his amp. Martino can stretch out riffs like nutty-putty and make them seem to extend forever with a kind of hypnotic grace peculiar to early psychedelia but fortunately miles beyond. Best of all, he always plays expertly, with precision and soul—one of the few younger guitarists to succeed without intense volume and heavy electronics. Guitar freaks are missing something if they don't catch this one.—**P.O.**

Monk and Trane: masters of wit and serenity.

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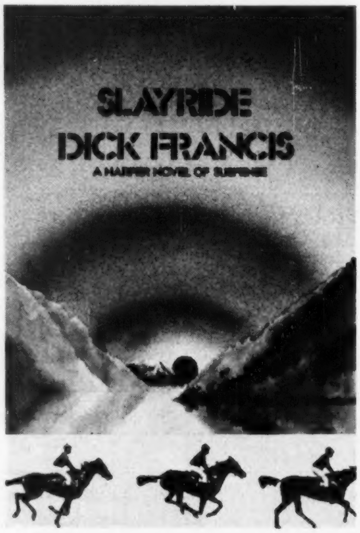
BOOKS

By Richard Kluger

A horsey whodunit of a superior order

Slayride *by Dick Francis,* Harper & Row, 223 pp., $5.95.

Word has been out for some time now that the best mystery writer going is an English ex-jockey named Dick Francis, a chap who, from time to time, has a disconcerting and occupationally handicapping way of falling off his horse. Aboard the beloved Queen Mother's beloved steed in the 1956 Grand National, to cite a prominent instance, Francis had booted his mount to within a few lengths of victory when the bloomin' animal stopped functioning. Francis, of course, kept in motion, but the laws of aerodynamics being what they are, he quite soon found himself on the ground. In this fashion he sustained a total of nine cracks in his collarbones—and, one must presume, a dreadfully sore arse—during an otherwise exemplary career. In 1957, while he was still in one piece, Francis was prevailed upon to hang up his saddle. Ever since, he has been producing horsey whodunits of a superior order, all of them redolent of oats, liniment and English leather.


SLAYRIDE
DICK FRANCIS
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The mystery is one form of art and recreation that, for some tiresome reason or other, I have never cultivated. It is biologically possible, one should assert without truculence, to survive to maturity without ever having read Agatha Christie, Ngaio Marsh or, saints preserve us, Mickey Spillane (who, I have the impression, does all his detecting buck naked—is that wrong?). I do manage to cram in about one mystery every decade of my life, the last three being *The Monkey's Paw, The Aspern Papers* (purists would denounce its inclusion, but I'm desperate) and *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late*. Probably television has something to do with it. That part of my head that would ordinarily crave a good, fast tricky piece of fluff to read is abundantly serviced, if not served, by the likes of Columbo and his flyspecked mantle, the ever-earnest Owen Marshall (all of whose clients seem to be teenagers fresh off the surfboard) and Jimmy Stewart as Billyjimwilliejoegoodoleboy Hawkins.

Thus, I am totally unequipped to pass nuanced judgment on the merits of *Slayride*, Mr. Francis's twelfth mystery oater. I shall therefore rely for help on novelist C.P. Snow, who by way of preparing a piece for the press on Francis's *oeuvre* sat down last summer like any conscientious bloke and read all 11 of his then extant books. His subsequent article credited the retired jock with excellence as a creater of suspense, a conveyor of information and a wizard of inventiveness. To judge the new Dick Francis title by these standards, I should have to say that Lord Snow is all wet. But then he might well allow the latest Francis entry does not at all measure up. Yet it has other virtues worth touting.

David Cleveland, ace investigator for the Jockey Club (an outfit of unspecified purpose), has been dispatched to Norway, where it so happens the Norse go in for horse racing on a limited basis—so limited that they often import English riders for the local fjordstakes. One of these feisty fellows has vanished after the final race with the day's race track receipts. Or to be more precise, as is required in these cases, the rider has vanished and so has the lolly, though no one ever actually saw the pair of them together; ergo, an assumed robbery, though the alleged thief has no previous record for this sort of horseplay, and his grieving wife is all in the dark over his disappearing act.

No sooner does our detective disembark than the somber Norse try to do him in. Just why, of course, is kept from us for half the book, but his unknown assailants are admirably remorseless about it. First they try to chop him in half with a motorboat in the middle of very frosty Oslo harbor. Then to turn him into kidney pie with a hunting knife. Then to blow up his car, preferably with him in it. And finally to drop him with a blast from a prosaic shotgun. It will not dampen your delight with these strenuous efforts to report that none succeeds. But they do serve to suggest to the agile Mr. Cleveland that something more than ordinary swag is at stake. Soon even his limited powers of deduction lead us to a corpse and the conclusion that the dead jockey knew something he wasn't supposed to. To uncover that "something"–what Alfred Hitchcock, in explaining his seductive techniques as suspense-maker *par excellence,* playfully labels "The McGuffin"–is what Cleveland chases after the rest of the way.

To invoke Lord Snow's standards, I would rate Mr. Francis A-minus in the suspense department (sustained but not breathless), B-minus for imparting information (I already *knew* that it's mighty snappy in Norway) and a middling C for inventiveness. Part of the trouble is that his Norwegians are a uniformly monotonous lot, excepting David's oddball bodyguard, an unsuccessful novelist who is constantly exhorting the state to seize the unconscionable assets of the tedious industrialists who our frostbitten Sherlock is stalking (and vice versa). Otherwise, a juiceless crew of characters, not to mention sexless (well, there is one little orgasm, but it is a standing-up, fully dressed number on a dance floor that will not set your ski poles spinning for very long). The other trouble is that the race track setting is scarcely integral to the story; the disappearing jockey might as well have been a used cuckoo-clock salesman. One suspects Mr. Francis of trying to protect his franchise.

What I like most here is the pace at which he moves his mount. It never lags. Francis controls his people smartly, whips them on and off stage to a fare-thee-well, works nothing to excess and daubs swiftly and graphically at the backdrop so that we sense its chill, wet, brooding presence throughout. And his hero, while he will never make All-Empire as a Hawkshaw, is a pleasingly modest sort who goes about his work without a lot of fast talk or kung-fulery. He is a bit too intrepid for my taste: prudence would recommend a slightly more oblique approach to his prey than marching unaccompanied directly through hostile front doors. Still, somebody has to charge the other side's trenches, and our boy seems to thrive on the nasty practice.

It is all carried off with unpretentious style and economy. And though you will not gasp in surprise at the close, you will find Mr. Francis, if you have not done so long ago, a fine antidote to worrying about such things as how much you have contributed toward bulletproofing the gazebos at San Clemente.

TV

By Stuart Werbin

Reverse relativity

Like hopeless hippies, we were sitting around Randi's water bed last Thursday night, trying to figure out something six people could do together that wouldn't be too hard. The stereo was off, but *Kung Fu* was plodding along the full-color road to enlightenment on the television in the corner. Among us was an Englishman who was enjoying only his third day of American bewilderment, and his first installment of *Kung Fu.* This was, in fact, his first introduction to the cinema de martial arts, chop shtick having not yet dented the British movie market with the deep thrust it is enjoying in the U.S.

The visitor was fascinated by the program, although he professed to not having one bloody idea what was going on. "Nothing's going on really," offered hostess Randi, who was watching the guest more than the set. "It's hard to keep track because they continue to flash back to his youth when he was being trained by the masters. It's hard to tell when they're flashing back, though. It's not really a flash, more like a trickle back. Really, there's nothing very flash about the show at all. It's supposed to be mellow and spiritual. . . . Jesus! Look at David Carradine's hair. It's gotten so

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long."

"Oh, you haven't watched this program recently?" the visitor inquired.

"No," Randi contradicted, "I have it on most weeks. I like to have media running in the house while I work. I like *Kung Fu*, but it's too slow to follow. It's nice to glance at, but you know nothing will happen. It's like most Robert Altman films."

"I think," I offered semiprofessionally, "that the proper viewing position for this show is by one's self, or with a loved one sitting about seven inches from the screen in a full lotus. Oh, but wait a minute. They're doing quick cuts of extreme close-ups between Caine's and the villain's faces moving progressively swifter into the eyes. This means they're getting ready for the fast action, which will take place in slow-motion. Watch!"

At this point the villain, a member of the Tong, in fact a Siamese wild bearcat who has been built up as the Tong's roughest mother for the first 58 minutes of the program, releases a hatchet full force at hero Caine's head. We watch the flight of the ax through the magic of slow motion as it bounces (bounces?) off of Caine's forearm. The Tong cat draws back his second ax and throws, and this time we follow the slowed-down flight of the projectile until it rests comfortably in Caine's palm.

A slight argument ensued here as to the feasibility of the stunt we had just observed. Randi, a fan of Carradine's (although she prefers his younger brother Keith), insisted that the stunt was possible. I said for my money, I'd give three-to-one odds on any well-trained ax thrower no matter who the catcher is.

Meanwhile, on the screen Carradine/Caine was literally kicking the Tong's ass through the side of a barn. Our English friend was becoming confused as to why this scene, too, was being shown in slow-motion. This question I felt eminently equipped to answer, being a student of television's new laws of reverse relativity. Stated most simply: the slower you show something moving, the faster one is supposed to believe it's actually occurring. Roll over Einstein and give Isaac Newton the news.

TV should not be held fully responsible for tampering with the laws of time and space—it's actually a trick they picked up from the movies. The last scene in *Bonnie and Clyde* is as good a place as any to start observing the perceptive role reversals of fast and slow. The established convention in Hollywood had long been to shoot violent scenes slightly faster than they actually occurred in front of the camera. The participants were usually stunt men who roughed it at a speed close to real action, but not quite to the point where they would have to break their necks for an Equity wage. The director would shoot the scene at a speed slower than the normal 24 frames a second (say 18 frames), which, when projected at the normal speed, would make the stunt men's movements seem faster. Besides protecting the illusion that it was actually the stars engaged in heroic combat, this device was thought to give the audience a heightened sense of excitement.

The Six Million Dollar Man: two hundred miles an hour?

Then comes that last scene in *Bonnie and Clyde*, in which director Arthur Penn wants to emphasize the dramatic effect of having a steady flow of machine gun fire dance Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway on their way to death. He accomplished this by shooting fast (say, 42 frames a second), which, when projected at normal speed, creates the illusion of slow-motion through prolonged images. This scene was tremendously powerful and has since been breeding constant imitation.

The first memorable use of the technique on TV was in that hair color commercial where the closer he got the better she looked. Two pretty people, thrust onward by the excitement of each other's blowing hair, took a full minute at top speed to cover a piece of beach that a crab could do in 45 seconds. Nevertheless, we bought the fact that the extreme attraction he had for her natural-seeming hair necessitated the prolonged viewing.

TV football has utilized the slow-motion replay as a truly necessary device for showing the less-trained viewer what he/she just missed on the last play. There would be no other way to show how those holes in the line opened up. Also, like a leopard in pursuit of prey, O.J. Simpson is stunningly beautiful when you can actually observe him step after step. So is David Carradine, even though he was never actually doing anything very fast in the first place. But such is the advantage of slow-motion. You never can tell how fast the original action really was. It's left to the imagination, and the imagination of Kung Funatics must be splendid judging from the popularity of the series, which has featured a slow-down showdown every week.

Other programs have been quick to jump into the use of slow. In *The Magician*, although Bill Bixby does all his own tricks when magic is required, the camera does the tricks when action is called for. But the most blatant abuse of hack slack occurs on a mid-season entry called *The Six Million Dollar Man*. It stars a wooden nickle named Lee Majors as an astronaut/test pilot who cracked up and splintered into little pieces, but with the help of all the taxpayers' money was put back together as a semi-robot, with one telescopic eye (as played by a zoom lens), two mechanical jet legs and one arm that can lift houses. Nobody is ever really sure what kind of parts were used to fill in the area between his two mechanical legs, but each week there is a new lady who wants to find out, and this offers the program's only interest, besides its new innovations in reverse relativity.

When they want to show Majors running at over 200 miles an hour, they send him out in a field to jog awkwardly like a child playing choo-choo train, and then shoot him, usually from the waist up, at something like 62 frames a second, the result being that each movement takes an eternity, which we are supposed to compare with the relative speed of a Kung Fu hatchet, and some sort of logic is supposed to bring us to the conclusion that Majors' slowness is faster than a speeding bullet.

Programs vying for positions in the fall of '75 lineup include ABC's second chop shticker, *Men of the Dragon*, and *Wonder Women*, both of whose pilots employ ample reverse relativity. A sure hit for the following bicentennial season would be a series that made a superhero out of the Washington Monument. It never seems to move at all no matter what speed you shoot at, and can you imagine how fast that must be?

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The timely death of Robert W. Duggan, D.A.

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Alfonso X. Donalson

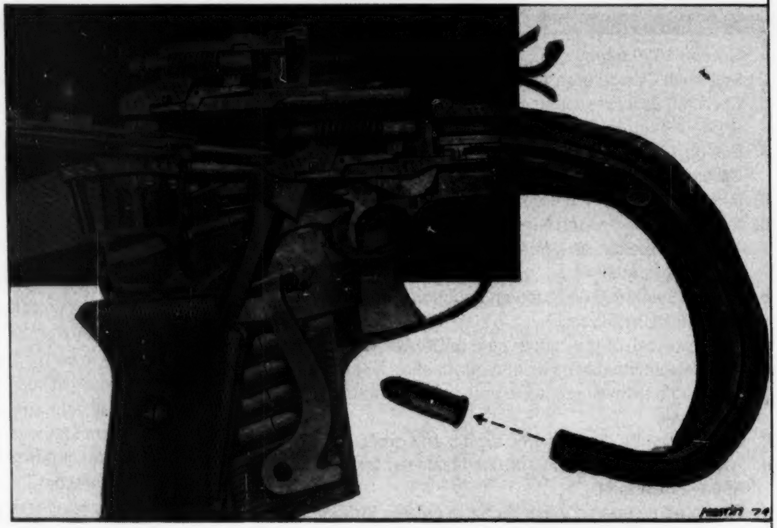


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN AVILLEZ

Middle America got the message loud and clear when the right-wing politicians of the late '60s started fat-mouthing about "law and order." It was a code phrase which, when deciphered, meant: keep the blacks, Indians, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, hippies, Yippies, draft dodgers, antiwar demonstrators, welfare recipients, campus bums and other "troublemakers" in their respective places. Middle America went big for Rizzo, Mitchell, Agnew and Nixon–those who made the loudest noise about curbing "crime in the streets." The crime, however, turned out to be elsewhere. Middle America thought their heroes would deal with "them" in a legal and orderly fashion, but the Holier-than-Thouers blew their cool and started playing games like I Spy, Cops-and-Robbers, Let's Make a Deal, Truth or Consequences, The Price is Right and Hidden Treasure.

There is something satisfyingly comic about watching powerful, self-righteous movers and shakers make asses of themselves when the public is finally able to separate the wheat of their secret deals from the chaff of their rhetoric. But there wasn't anything funny about the mysterious death of Robert W. Duggan, district attorney for Allegheny County (Pittsburgh), who became the latest law-and-order advocate to tumble from lofty heights. He recently died of a double-barreled shotgun blast through the heart–about an hour before a federal grand jury in Pittsburgh indicted him for income-tax evasion.

At first the state police said it was suicide, but later backtracked and said that maybe the death was accidental.

Robert W. Duggan was a fierce opponent of gun-control legislation who thought that those convicted for murder should be hanged in public–a proposition that was not regarded as a joke by many of his constituents.

Although he had campaigned on a sacred promise to "clean up" the town, Duggan's office eventually became content with occasionally knocking off a numbers writer or a low-level drug pusher, while the D.A. claimed that racket activity in the Pittsburgh area was not in any way connected with the Mafia.

Much of his time was spent issuing stentorian statements against "pampered youth," prostitutes, bookies, political opponents, "crooked" civil-rights activists, "chicken-hearted" judges and obscenity–his favorite target. He made a reputation of confiscating movies that didn't meet his approval.

In the meantime, Duggan was living high on the hog–even though he was only moderately well-to-do. Last summer the Pittsburgh *Press*, in a copyrighted story, revealed that Duggan had extensive property holdings in Florida, including a hideaway retreat accessible only by his 31-foot yacht, a luxury apartment in Pittsburgh, a rural estate, three cars, a chauffeur, maids, groundskeepers, memberships in ten prominent social clubs and other amenities enjoyed only by the very wealthy. His salary as D.A. was $24,000 a year.

Enter Sam Ferraro, head of Duggan's racket squad, who was convicted of accepting $290,000 in racket payoffs from the kingpin of the Pittsburgh area's multimillion-dollar numbers business. After Ferraro was given a six-year prison term, he decided to spill his guts to the grand jury, which subsequently charged Duggan with failing to report income of $137,000 from 1967 to 1970.

Rizzo has been tripped up by a lie detector and accused of associating with gamblers in a recent Pennsylvania Crime Commission report, Mitchell has moralized himself into disgrace, Agnew has all but admitted he's a crook and Nixon, who insists he isn't, has finally outfoxed himself. And now Duggan.

It was that law-and-order aficionado, John Mitchell, who coined that now familiar phrase, "Watch what we do and not what we say." In the tragic case of Richard Duggan, that single shotgun blast said more about the law-and-order issue than all the campaign rhetoric of the last decade. ●

Al Donalson, a reporter with the Pittsburgh Press, *is a NEW TIMES correspondent.*

The Sergeant Major's "Measure."

One story of the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) which Kipling didn't filch for his own. About a civilized drink, born there, in the sunset of the Empire.

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) is no more. It was managed by a much-decorated Sergeant Major, a career soldier of that peculiarly English type which held the "Thin Red Line" when sensible armies would have cut and run.

The Sergeant Major was a perfect prig and a stickler for details no ordinary man would notice. In the field, his fastidious self-discipline saved many lives. At the post, and at the Club itself, the Sergeant Major's superior manner was a bit of a trial. Once, in fact, it became insufferable.

At that time, the prize of the Club's cellars, and the Sergeant Major's pride and joy, was a truly wizard alcoholic tipple of his own devising. "Bruising" the drink or allowing it "to stale" were the most serious sins the native help could commit. Do either and the Sergeant Major sacked you.

Inevitably, there were complaints to the Board of Governors. Had it not been for the Sergeant Major's daring exploits in the recent business of the Thuggee Stranglers, the Board would have dismissed him summarily. As it was, they gave him a chance.

"Sergeant Major," said the Chief Governor, "describe the drill for a barman handling spirits."

"Don't muck the drink about or you'll bruise it. Don't leave it sit or you'll stale it."

"What are the chances, Sergeant Major, that an inexperienced hand could recognize a bruise on the drink or notice it had staled?"

"Not one in a million. Easier to sight a field-piece by eye and hit a shilling a mile off."

"But few men can hit anything with a field-piece unless they have a rangefinder."

"They haven't got instinct, sir, so we give them a way to measure instead."

"Instinct or not, Sergeant Major, give your men some way to measure when the spirits are bruised or staled or we'll give you the sack. You have thirty days."

Thirty days! The Sergeant Major's grace period was nearly over, when one of the members noticed something odd.

"Sergeant Major," he said, "there are bubbles in my drink."

"I hope so, sir,"

"Where did the bubbles come from, Sergeant Major?"

"Put them in myself, sir. The bubbles are the measure that shows the spirits haven't been bruised or staled."

"Bubbles?"

"Yes, sir. Muck it about enough to bruise and you shake away the bubbles. Leave it long enough to stale and the bubbles go flat."

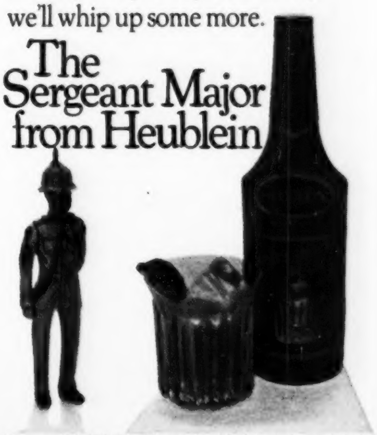
"What an extraordinary idea!"

This story kept cropping up between wars, but the Sergeant Major's original formula did not. Not long ago, however, we came across a recipe and whipped up a batch, just as a lark.

That's how we discovered that the Sergeant Major really had something. Now, if you're curious, you can have it too. (Minus the bubbles, the way it was at first.)

Before we dared bottle it we had to satisfy ourselves on one more point. Could we, in a careless moment, bruise or stale the drink, as so many others were supposed to have done in the past? Frankly, no. We punished the Sergeant Major's pride unmercifully. No matter what we did, however, the drink remained unchanged and unspoiled. If the Sergeant Major was watching us from the place to which old soldiers fade away, he probably had a good chuckle.

What's a Sergeant Major? That's our secret—ours and the old prig who invented it. Tart, crisp, crackling on the tongue, it's a perfect drink for the kind of day when only mad dogs and Englishmen would go out voluntarily. Let us know how you like it and if you say it's wizard, we'll whip up some more.



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